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SIXPENCE.
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H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

A FAMILY GROUP AT BALMORAL: FOUR GENERATIONS.

From a Photograph, taken by Royal Command, by R. Milne, Abeyne.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The usual odium, I see, is thrown upon Christmas boxes. Severe persons write to the *Times* to show up the tradesmen who bribe our servants to order our corn and oil and wine wherever they can get the largest commissions. About this time of year the agent of any wholesale business expects to receive caressing letters reminding him that he once expressed a fancy for a particular suit of drawing-room furniture or a certain brand of champagne. "Tis yours, dear boy," says the caressing letter. "You will receive it to-morrow, carriage paid." I once knew a railway superintendent, quite a guileless man, who never failed to wonder at the cases of champagne, turkeys, Stilton cheeses, which poured in upon him at Christmas from eminent firms. As he lit his pipe reflectively, he would hazard a surmise that the donors of these gifts, which were accompanied by the most solicitous inquiries about the health of his family, could not be as fond of him as all that. "They don't bless me like this at Midsummer," he would remark, "nor yet at Michaelmas. But then Christmas does open hearts and hands in a wonderful way."

It is clear that if Christmas boxes are scattered on the principle of throwing sprats to catch whales, the whale-catch must often be unspeakably remote. For years a friend of mine who objected strongly to smoking was overwhelmed with presents of tobacco; He was a director of public opinion, with rigid ideas about the responsibility of his office; so he gave away the cigars and ignored the people who sent them. A promiscuous distribution of cigars must secure the goodwill of somebody, no doubt; but here it was secured by the second-hand donor and not by the original. I instance this to show that there is practically no difference between some cases of what may be superficially described as bribery and the impulses of goodwill that spring from the brotherhood of man. In the abstract it may not be pure disinterestedness which prompts an eminent firm to shower cigars around at Christmas-time; but if there is an expectation of some return which cannot be precisely specified in a ledger, how does this differ from much of our acknowledged philanthropy? I have known philanthropists who were simply egoists through and through, who spent vast sums on public objects, that the people might be bribed to do homage to their egoism. In what respect are they more virtuous than the commercial man who circulates cigars to beget the good fellowship which may be helpful to his business?

If the censors who write to the *Times* think it is easy to distinguish between the legitimate Christmas box and the bribe, I envy their complacency. What is the object of most Christmas boxes any way? Isn't it to secure a special measure of attention to our little wants? These are not always sordid and material; they may resolve themselves into a desire to win a good opinion. How many gifts to children are dictated by that instinct? How often has an insurgent nursery imposed an indemnity of toys upon conquered parents and guardians? How often has the Lowther Arcade seen nervous gentlemen purchasing large dolls to conciliate brigands in short petticoats? In many a household this is the only way to pay your footing. For what purpose do we tip schoolboys, not of our own flesh and blood? Thackeray used to say that he never saw a schoolboy without a craving to give him a sovereign. That was the large-hearted altruism of genius. The average citizen usually has a less exalted motive for ingratiating himself with his young friend. It is a most useful convention of society which teaches boys that, up to a certain age, they lose no dignity by accepting half-crowns, and even gold, from comparative strangers. This custom enables the comparative stranger, who is a man of deep designs, to implant in the brood of his haughtiest neighbour a sense of obligation that may last a lifetime. If I were an enterprising tradesman I should employ gentlemen with fascinating manners to make the acquaintance of all the schoolboys in my quarter, and slip sovereigns into their palms at favourable moments after assuring them that there was a neighbouring dealer in unsurpassable hams or haberdashery who took the kindest interest in their welfare.

The morals of Christmas boxes, then, are inextricably complicated, because none of the relations of life can be conducted without stratagem. It behoves us, therefore, to give and receive presents on or about Boxing Day without a spirit of grudging inquiry. If I am looking into a shop-window, and the comparative stranger, addressing me by name, should affably suggest that his interest in the "Note Book," prompts him to offer me a token of his esteem, I shall not exclaim: "Sir, this is an outrage upon an incorruptible mind!" I shall beg him not to make the token one of those instruments which bottle up music, and then belch it forth with a cavernous accent. At a certain shop-door not far from Piccadilly you will find a crowd all day listening to a horrible toy into which melody has been compressed like potted meat. I have no taste for the tinny oratorio and preserved comic opera of the phonograph, which seems destined to supplant the harmonium in many families. It may even oust the piano-organ from the affections of the

populace, when the tones of favourite vocalists at the music-halls float upon the enraptured air of Southwark. The tones that float at present are not of a quality which appeals to a sensitive ear. I wonder the phonograph has not been introduced into China. It would be invaluable to the Chinese in the worship of their ancestors, the phonographic voice being tomb-like in the most ancestral degree.

The foreigner in London at Christmas must think that the population have a surprising amount of spare time. Shopping is too serious for a pastime; but multitudes who do not shop throng the pavements watching multitudes who do. Threading your way with difficulty through myriads of elbows, you are stopped short frequently by the immobile figure of a woman. She is gazing in a trance at another woman who has just passed in a sealskin cape. In an instant you have a vision of narrow household economy, starved ambition, a flash of jealous passion, and a lapse into dreary acquiescence. But the chief sensation in the streets is of the human pressure to the square inch. I pant for Mr. Frederic Harrison's ideal of a London with only two million inhabitants. Our five millions seem to be fighting for very air. Some day municipal genius must apply itself to the question of sheer breathing, and air as well as water will have to come in great volumes from Wales if London is not to be stifled by its own magnitude. And when our five millions become six, and even seven, when a solid block of bodies in Regent Street or the Strand defies the "moving on" capacity of the police, will the City develop into the bowels of the earth, and a subterranean Piccadilly glitter in eternal night? Mr. Harrison thinks (I don't know why) that London will shrink. It seems more likely to expand and to excavate. Already vast numbers of its children cannot be decently housed, and the press in the streets grows ever denser.

Charles Lamb says, in one of the letters Mr. E. V. Lucas has published in his volume about Lamb and the Lloyds: "A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to me than a shepherd driving his silly sheep to fold." I suspect that Lamb would be a little disturbed by the proportions of his favourite mob if he could see it now jostling to the pantomime on Boxing Night. It is huge, not beautiful, and yet in some ways it is singularly sheep-like. I sat in the pit behind a strenuous young shepherd lately at one of the "Musketeer" plays to which London is devoted. She knew Dumas quite well, and explained to her flock the *lettre de cachet* with which the wicked woman had consigned the maid of honour to the Bastille. "You see, it's what they call a catch-it," said the shepherdess, and the flock understood at once. Then she told them that although there was a good deal of Dumas in this piece, lots more of him had been left out. "What! More!" said the flock, who had been listening for hours. "I should think so!" said she. "Why, I've read the book. And that ain't the only book about the Musketeers. There's 'Twenty Years After,' 'What!' gasped the flock. "All these coves come on again in twenty years! Time we went 'ome!' " "You'll just stay 'ere!" retorted the shepherdess. "And when you do go 'ome, I'll read the other book aloud to you!" The flock subsided into distressful peace, and appeared to be wondering whether the "catch-it" in the Bastille could have been worse than the prospect of the fold.

One effect of this human pressure is that we are too near one another for free and lucid utterance. Jammed together like a swarm of bees, we cannot always articulate simply, but have to communicate with our friends by cryptograms in the newspapers. Take "J," for example, who frequently addresses "Rosemount" in these terms: "You were married, in the presence of many people, in the bridal veil worn by your mother." Well, what of it? Why this perpetual reminder to the young woman of her mother's veil? Is "J" a disappointed tradesman, who expected a new bridal veil to be ordered at his shop? Or is he a jilted millionaire, who is resolved to spend his fortune on reproaches in the "agony column"? Sometimes he alludes darkly to Keats, and "a name that is written in water." Are these the pangs of despised love or signals of an accomplished housebreaker to his comrades in guilt? Keats may stand for the police, and "written in water" may be an intimation that an important member of the gang is disabled by intoxicating liquor. I prefer to think that "J" is driven to this occult figuring of his crushed affections by the overcrowding of London. The lady has no time to answer letters and not even room to open them. Then look at the verses with which the *Times* now adorns its front page. A poet who cannot induce editors to print her sonnets in the legitimate way, is compelled to pay for publication among the advertisements. Your eye runs down the row of Christmas hampers and incomparable dressing-bags, and is suddenly arrested by a sonnet on Shakspeare, or an ode to Lord Kitchener. Now if there were only two millions of inhabitants in London, the number of bards would be proportionately less, and tributes to Shakspeare and Kitchener would not have to be squeezed, at the cost of the authors, among the flourishes of tradesmen's wares. When poets are forced to advertise, the population problem is serious indeed.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Empress Frederick of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Alice of Albany, Princess Victoria Eugénie, and Prince Leopold of Battenberg, on Wednesday, Dec. 14, the thirty-seventh anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort and the twentieth anniversary of the death of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, attended the memorial religious service yearly held at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore in Windsor Park. The service was performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, with hymns and anthems sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. In the evening there was a service in St. George's Chapel, attended by the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Louise. On Friday the Queen, with the Empress Frederick and several of the Princesses, quitted Windsor for Osborne House, Isle of Wight. Her Majesty intends to go to the South of France at the end of February.

The rebuilding of Christ Church, Brixton, has been commenced with the ceremony of laying the first stone, performed by Princess Christian on Dec. 13. On the same day the Duke of Cambridge opened the higher grade schools new building connected with St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Duke of Westminster and the Bishop of London assisting. Princess Christian, on Thursday, Dec. 15, was at Chatham dockyard, accompanied by her husband and daughter, to "christen" the new battle-ship, H.M.S. *Irresistible*, launched that day. The Duke of Cambridge, on the day before, dined with the Inns of Court Rifle Corps at the Middle Temple Hall.

Lord Salisbury dined on Friday with the Constitutional Club, where the Earl of Kintore was in the chair. The Prime Minister spoke of the position of the Government and of national affairs.

The conference of the National Liberal Federation was opened at Birmingham on Friday.

A deputation from some Trades Unions, accustomed to deposit their funds in the Post Office Savings Bank, has asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be allowed, like the Friendly Societies, to make such investments without any restriction of amount. Sir Michael Hicks Beach told them it could not legally be done without an Act of Parliament, and he doubted whether it would be safe, as other depositors would ask the same privilege. But if Trades Unions would set apart, for the relief of sick or distressed members, a portion of their funds, he would approve of the request.

Complaints were made to the President of the Board of Trade last week by a deputation of men in the employment of railway companies that some had been unjustly dismissed, and that the management of some companies was purposely adverse to workmen's trains at convenient hours. Mr. Ritchie promised inquiry as to specified cases, saying that no railway servant ought to be dismissed for acting in accordance with advice given by the Government, but he would not interfere with regard to other alleged faults or grievances. He earnestly warned all leaders of Trade Union movements to avoid the unhappy disputes between capital and labour, by which our commercial and manufacturing prosperity is now seriously endangered.

On Monday evening, in St. James's Hall, a meeting was held in support of the Emperor of Russia's proposals for an international conference to promote general peace and the diminution of military armaments. The Arch-deacon of London was in the chair. Resolutions were passed, and a committee was appointed to further the cause.

The Russian Imperial Government Agent for financial business in London, M. de Tatishcheff, was entertained last week at a dinner given by the Anglo-Caucasian Petroleum Oil Company, with mutual friendly speeches about increased trade between England and Russia.

Lord James of Hereford has been unanimously invited to be chairman of the Coalowners' and Miners' Conciliation Board.

The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, on Dec. 14 was present—though Lady Wolseley was prevented by the state of her health from performing the ceremony—at St. James's Hall, for the distribution of prizes to the Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. He said that next to being well disciplined, to shoot well is the chief function of a soldier. The wonderful power of the new Army long-range rifle in the hands of disciplined men who used it at their officers' word of command was recently shown at Omdurman. The efficiency of Volunteer soldiers was proved by the American campaign in Cuba.

The revenue receipts from April 1 to Dec. 10 were £65,564,000, over half a million above those of the corresponding period last year, and there was a balance of nearly eleven millions to begin with. The net expenditure was £70,666,000.

The overwhelming multitude of applications to the police magistrates and to justices' benches, in London and in many other towns, for exempting children from compulsory vaccination, upon the parents' declaration of a "conscientious" belief that it is injurious to health, is causing immense perplexity. Many thousands of certificates are granted at once without inquiry, usually with scarcely any remonstrance; the magistrates have no option. An epidemic of small-pox is seriously feared.

At the Royal Commission on the London water-supply last week Sir Frederick Bramwell gave a decided opinion against the purchase of the existing water companies' concerns by a municipal or local Metropolitan authority, especially by the London County Council. It would be no saving of cost to the consumers and no profit to the ratepayers. The Thames Valley could supply water sufficient in quantity and perfect in quality.

The French Court of Cassation has been continuing, in private, its investigation of the Dreyfus case, but M. Freycinet, the Minister of War, has declined to order

the immediate release of Colonel Picquart. Major Esterhazy demands a safe conduct or immunity from criminal prosecution before returning to France to give evidence; otherwise he will go to America. There is still much excitement in Paris, where the police have to stop tumultuous meetings and demonstrations in the streets. One or two duels have been fought, but nobody killed or hurt.

The American and Spanish peace negotiations having closed in Paris, the Commissioners, on Dec. 16, bade farewell to President Faure, and have left France for their homes. At Washington the vote of the Senate to ratify the treaty of peace is much debated. President McKinley has been speaking at Atlanta, in Georgia, upon the future extended national policy opposed as "Imperialist" by his rival, Mr. Bryan, and by some Conservatives of the Republican party. The Committees of the House of Representatives on military affairs are informed that an army of 50,000 men will be required in Cuba, 25,000 in the Philippines, and 6000 in Puerto Rico. The Philippine insurgents, demanding independence, hold 10,000 Spanish prisoners, and ask twenty million dollars for their ransom. Spain refuses to cede or sell any of the Caroline Islands to the United States, but may offer them to Germany or France.

Lord Strathearn, who is now in Canada, and has given £200,000 to endow a college he previously built, is said to contemplate an early retirement from the High Commissionership of the Dominion. In that case, the Hon. W. Mulock, the Canadian Postmaster-General, will probably succeed him in Victoria Street. Meanwhile, two other items come from Canada. One records that, out of five constituencies just polled, four have sent up supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government; and the other announces that the Argonaut Rowing Club at Toronto will send an eight next year to compete at Henley.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the new Viceroy of India, had an enthusiastic "send off" when he left Charing Cross Station by special train to catch up the *Arabia* at Marseilles, with his wife and children already on board. In his wanderings up and down the platform before the train started, he proved the possession of one regal and viceregal quality—an excellent memory for faces. Among the relatives and the troops of friends present were his father, Lord Scarsdale, his brothers and sisters, and Lord George Hamilton, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Wenlock, Lord Onslow, and Mr. St. John Brodrick—all closely connected with the Viceroy or with the Dependency he is to govern. Ladies also, present in great numbers, shook the departing Viceroy's hand, until, at the last moment, everybody made room tactfully for his father and the immediate members of his family, who stood in a group, isolated from the crowd of well-wishers, round the carriage window as the train moved off. Then cheer after cheer went up, and handkerchiefs were waved, as long as Lord Curzon, leaning out of the window and signalling last adieux, remained in sight.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum arrived at Cairo on Thursday, Dec. 15. The Khedive has given £100 to the Gordon College Fund.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has been visiting Constantinople, where he was received by the Sultan on Saturday, and on Sunday opened a Russian monastery church erected at San Stefano as a memorial of soldiers killed in the war of 1878.

In China the Dowager Empress, the actual ruling person of the Empire, has shown an unprecedented act of courtesy to European ladies by receiving the wives of all the Ambassadors or Ministers, giving them tea, kissing them fondly, and presenting to each lady a gold ring set with pearls. Lady MacDonald was treated with special favour.

Some more survivors of the crew of the steam-ship *Londonian*, which foundered in the Atlantic—among them Captain Lee—have been brought to American ports, reducing the loss of lives to eighteen.

On Dec. 13 at New York, near First Avenue, a huge tank of water suddenly burst while men were at work on the premises. Six men were either drowned or killed by fragments of iron, and twenty badly hurt.

A New Year sees the *English Illustrated Magazine* well abreast of the new era of colour-printing. In addition to the stories—by Pett Ridge, C. W. Mason, J. O. Snaith, and others, excellently illustrated by M. Montbard, M. Forestier, Mr. Almond, and other artists—there are new features, dealing with sport, the library, the play, and the powder-puff. An ingenious feature, entitled "Venus and Mars as Fountains of Honour," gives portraits (in pairs) of great noblemen—Lord Nelson in 1803 and the Lord Nelson of to-day, for instance; Mr. Louis Wain describes a Mouse Club; and Mr. Mackintosh, a well-known Gallery man, deals with M.P.'s and their fads. The pictures in colour are charmingly done.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announces that on Saturday, Dec. 24, a fast late train will be run to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at 12 midnight, Waterloo 12.3 a.m., Cannon Street 12.10 a.m., London Bridge 12.14 a.m., and New Cross 12.22 a.m. For intending visitors to Paris at Christmas, cheap tickets will be issued, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 9 a.m. (also 10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) on Saturday, Dec. 24, first and second class tickets. From Dec. 22 to 25, first, second, and third class tickets will be issued, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m. These tickets are available for fourteen days, and to return by certain trains. Fares—58s. 4d. (first class), 37s. 6d. (second class), 30s. (third class). On Christmas Day several extra trains will run, but the ordinary services will be as on Sundays. On Bank Holiday, Dec. 26, a cheap day excursion will be run to Aldershot and back from London stations. Several trains will be withdrawn or altered, and late trains will run from London. On Tuesday, Dec. 27, several trains will be withdrawn. The Continental services will be as usual.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1898.

Bethlehem's plains are still as green,
Bethlehem's harvest-fields as white,
As when Angel-bands were seen
Making luminous the night.

But for long has ceased the lay
Sung by that Seraphic choir;
And for long has passed away
That apocalypse of fire.

Yet that ancient Christmas song
Still is sung by faithful hearts;
And the light that's vanished long
Brightness to the soul imparts.

Still to Faith's divining eye
Lustrous forms the expanse fill;
And to Love's quick ear the sky
Throbs with heavenly music still.

While the ages come and go,
Hymns of praise unceasing rise;
And with songs by saints below,
Angels join their symphonies.

Glory still to God is given;
Peace on earth is still made known;
And the Heir of earth and heaven
Claims the kingdoms for His own.

Christmas joyfully returns
On the wings of this new morn;
Gratefully our spirit yearns,
Worshipping the Christ once born!

DAWSON BURNS.

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE TO HOLLAND.

HARWICH-HOOK ROUTE

TO THE CONTINENT Daily (Sundays included).

QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.

EXPRESS SERVICE TO NORWAY, DENMARK, AND SWEDEN.

HARWICH ANTWERP Route for Brussels, &c., every Week-day.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct Service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

Harwich, via Harwich by G.S.N. Co.'s S.S., Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Saturday, Dec. 26.

Cheap Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

THE RAPID ROYAL ROUTE

TO THE CONTINENT,

VIA

QUEENBORO' AND FLUSHING.

TWICE DAILY IN EACH DIRECTION. DAY AND NIGHT MAIL SERVICES BY LARGE, FAST, AND MAGNIFICENT PAUDDLE STEAMERS.

OPEN SEA VOYAGE BY THE NEW 2-KNOT NIGHT STEAMERS, 24 HOURS ONLY.

Through Tickets and Through Registration of Luggage from London to the principal stations on the Continent, and vice versa.

Through Communications, AVAILING PASSAGE THROUGH LONDON (on Week-days only), between LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM AND GLASGOW, and QUEENBORO', and vice versa, via Wilsden Junction and Herne Hill.

Apply for Time-Tables, &c., to the Zealand Steam-Ship Company's LONDON OFFICE, 4th, FINE STREET, E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at three days' notice.

NEW STORY BY S. R. CROCKETT.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY

Contains the First Instalment of a NEW SERIAL STORY by S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "Clog Kelly," "The Red Axe," &c., entitled,

LITTLE ANNA MARK,

And the following Contributions—

JOVANNI DUPRE, AN EPIQUE—A ROYAL ROMANCE, By James By Robert Bridges.
THE FINEST OF LETTERS, AN ORIGINAL, By Frank T. Bullen.
DANIEL O'CONNELL: A Study, By W. D. Howells.
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At all Bookellers and Newsagents'. Price One Shilling.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

STUPENDOUS PROGRAMME.

THE HOME OF HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Fairy Realm for Children. Fun, Frolic, and Variety.

WULF'S UNRIVALLED CIRCUS.

Opening Performances on Christmas Eve, at 3.

DAILY AFTERNOON AND EVENING SHOWS.

Three Performances on Boxing Day, at 11.3, and 7.30.

THOUSANDS OF SIXPENNY AND SHILLING SEATS.

Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.; may now be booked in advance.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN PANTOMIME.

An entirely New and Original.

FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

entitled,

"SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MERRY CHRISTMAS PARTY."

Written by Charles Daly, Produced by J. Pritchard Barrett.

Music Composed and Selected by Herbert Godfrey and Ignazio Cord.

Will be Produced on Christmas Eve at 7.30.

And Performed on Boxing Day and Every Afternoon at 5.30 in Theatre

Between the Afternoon and Evening Performances of

WULF'S CIRCUS.

Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered, 6d. and 1s.

Children Half Price to Numbered Seats.

PONY HIPPODROME.

Pony Rides for Boys and Girls.

JEWELL'S MARIONETTES.

PUNCH AND JUDY, SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS.

And Other Amusements all day long for Thousands of Children.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS. The Children's Pantomime on Boxing Night and Twice Daily, THE FORTY THIEVES, written and invented by Arthur Sargent and Arthur Collins. Made by J. M. Glover, Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, J. Danvers, Nellie Stewart, Amelia Stone, Rita Fresco, &c. Box-Office now open.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, W. Nightly at 8 o'clock, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8 and 10. The XMAS CARNIVAL ENTERTAINMENT will be produced in the GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL on BOXING DAY, at 8 and 10, and TWICE DAILY thereafter. Prices of Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Bookings at Tree's, St. James's Hall, and all Libraries.

L. B. BULLER, Secretary and General Manager.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED.

From VICTORIA 11 a.m. EVERY SUNDAY, including CHRISTIAN DAY, Book in advance Victoria, or City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, as the number of seats cannot be increased.

First Class and Pullman Trains at 11.5 a.m. every Sunday, including Christmas Day, from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, Pullman Car, 12s.; First Class, 10s.

Return (Hastings) Cheap Tickets by Express Trains, Week-days and Saturdays (Sundays) Sunday; (Leamington) Day and Week-end Tickets at reduced fares.

For particulars see Time Book or address Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. C. Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

PARIS, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY, via NEWHAVEN

AND DIEPPE.—The Cheapest Route, by 2nd class Steamers, Express Service every Morning and Evening. Open by direct steamer from Newhaven, via Quistrian, three weeks.

For full particulars see Handbills, or address Continental Traffic Manager, L. B. & S. C. Railway, London Bridge Station, S.E.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON

AND SANDING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDIA and RYE, issued on Dec. 23, 24, and 25, will be available for the return journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 28.

CHEAP TICKETS between LONDON and TUNBRIDGE

WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, VALMER, RAMSGATE and MARGATE, issued on Dec. 23, 24, and 25, will be available for the return journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 28.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to

CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.3 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.10 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.14 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.22 a.m.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS.—CHARING CROSS and

CANNON STREET, depart 9 a.m. (also 10 a.m. from Charing Cross only) Saturday, Dec. 24, First and Second Class, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, depart 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m. Dec. 24, 25, and 26. Tickets available for 14 days. Fares—6s. 4d. (First Class), 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class).

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the

Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, DEC. 26.—CHEAP

EXCURSIONS to ALDERSHOT from London stations. Return by Fare, Third Class, 3s. SEVERAL TRAINS will be WITHDRAWN or ALTERED. Late Trains will run from London.

SPECIAL NOTE.—On Tuesday, Dec. 27, several Trains will be WITHDRAWN. The Continental Services will be as usual.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programmes.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR,

MAURITIUS, MALTA, EGYPT, ADELAIDE, HOBART, KURACHI, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND

THE WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 23, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES.

The Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 2012 tons register, will leave London (Tilbury), Jan. 11.

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SIR EDWARD GREY.

MR. H. H. ASQUITH.



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LORD ROSEBERY.

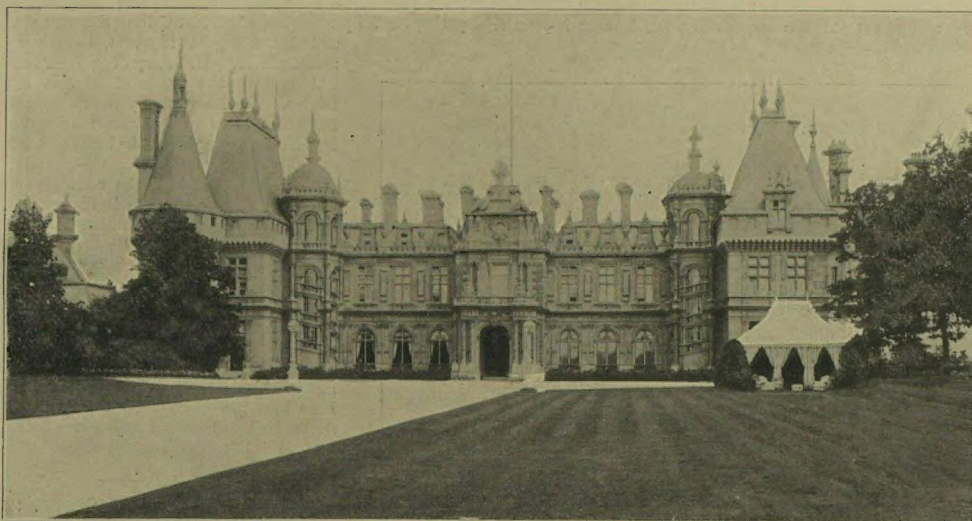
LORD KIMBERLEY.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

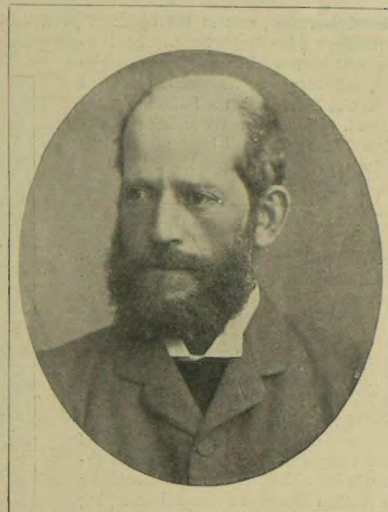
THE LEADING MEN OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE LATE BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD.



NORTH FRONT OF WADDESDON MANOR.

Photograph by Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.



Photograph by Russell and Cook.

THE LATE BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who died at Waddesdon Manor on Dec. 17 from syncope, belonged to the Viennese branch of the famous race of bankers, and was the great-grandson of Meyer Amschel Rothschild, of Frankfurt, the founder of the family. The late Baron Ferdinand was the second son of Baron Anselm de Rothschild, and grandson of that Nathan Meyer Rothschild who established the London business in 1798. He was cousin of Lord de Rothschild and of Messrs. Alfred and Leopold de Rothschild. He was born in Paris in 1839, and received his education in Vienna. Having surrendered his interest in the family business, he came to England in 1860, and spent his time in the cultivation of art, in which he had great natural taste. In 1865 he married his cousin, Miss Evelina de Rothschild, sister of Lord de Rothschild, who died in 1866. To her memory Baron Ferdinand erected and largely endowed the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children. As a country gentleman, he took a keen interest in sport and agriculture. As an art collector, he was unwearied in the pursuit of priceless treasures. Thirteen years ago he entered political life, and was elected in the Liberal interest for Aylesbury. The borough was disfranchised in the following year, but he was elected for the newly created Aylesbury Division, which he represented until his death.

Waddesdon Manor was Baron Ferdinand's own creation. The home of his art treasures, it was itself a triumph of art. Ten years ago the site of the house was a bleak hill. A French architect was engaged, and a house in the style of Chambord grew up surrounded by pleasure-grounds planted with half-grown trees. It seemed as if a fairy palace had arisen in a night. To this abode, the chief sight in Buckinghamshire, Baron Ferdinand would invite parties of distinguished guests, his "Saturdays to Mondays" being famous. There he had entertained her Majesty, and the Prince of Wales was an intimate friend. The Emperor Frederick and

the Shah of Persia had also been his guests. Pictures by the greatest masters, exquisite and rare curios, volumes de luxe, make up the wonderful collection of which

of few historians. The late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild had served as High Sheriff of Bucks, and was J.P. and D.I. for the county. As with many adherents of the Hebrew



SOUTH FRONT OF WADDESDON MANOR.

Photograph by Piggott.

Waddesdon is the shrine. Among the pictures may be mentioned at random the Gainsboroughs, Cuyps, the Romneys, the Reynoldses. Rembrandts he did not affect.

Among the curios is the Fitzwilliam clock, the writing-table of Beaumarchais, all the marvels of French furniture, his delicate enameled, his Renaissance and Gothic collections. His favourite reading was French memoirs, with which he had the acquaintance of a historian,

faith, he was a Freemason, and in 1892 took an active part in founding the Ferdinand de Rothschild Lodge, No. 2420, which met first at Waddesdon, afterwards at Aylesbury.

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD.
FOUNDER OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN THE PARK AT WADDESDON.

Photograph by Piggott.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOUR GENERATIONS AT BALMORAL.

The latest Balmoral group, which we present with this Number, is one of peculiar interest, showing as it does our beloved Sovereign, now in her eightieth year, with four generations of her descendants. The Heir-Apparent bears his honours as a grandsire well, and betrays no trace of the accident from which he has so fortunately recovered. His attachment to little Prince Edward of York is well known. Princess Victoria of Wales completes a pleasant family party.

WANTED—A LEADER.

Sir William Harcourt's unexpected resignation has thrown his party into a new ferment. For the past four years they have lived in an atmosphere of resignation. Mr. Gladstone resigned in 1894, and was succeeded in the leadership of the party by Lord Rosebery, who resigned in 1896. Sir William Harcourt resigns the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons in 1898. A crisis of this kind every two years is rather wearing. Moreover, in his withdrawal from responsibility Sir William Harcourt seems to be carrying with him Mr. John Morley, so there may be two great gaps on the Front Opposition Bench. Sir William hints to Mr. Morley that he has not received from the party the loyal support to which he was entitled, and Mr. Morley replies in a letter full of indignant sympathy. Then the party who are thus accused by two of the most eminent of their chiefs lift up voices of lamentation and reproach. It is roundly denied that Sir William Harcourt has any reason to complain. He suggests intrigues. Who are the intriguers? Blameless gentlemen who have sat behind him for years go about protesting their staunch integrity. When you meet a Liberal M.P. at a club, he takes you into a corner, and tells you, almost with tears, the tale of his devotion, and of this monstrous requital by the leader he trusted. What is Sir William Harcourt's motive? Does he want leisure for preparing thunderbolts against the Ritualists? Mr. Morley, of course, is absorbed in his biography of Mr. Gladstone. It is rumoured that Sir William is eager to plunge into a biography of Bolingbroke. If this literary craving should spread any further, the Front Opposition Bench may be literally deserted. Mr. Asquith may give himself up to the accumulation of materials for a life of Lord Halsbury, and Sir Henry Fowler may become absorbed in the study of Wesley. No doubt the divisions in the party have done much to chill Sir William Harcourt's enthusiasm for the arduous labours of Opposition leader. Both he and Mr. Morley are pledged to Home Rule, but a large section of the Radicals is inclined to discard it altogether. His favourite remedy for intemperance is rejected by many of his followers, who regard Local Veto as arbitrary and impracticable. On questions of foreign policy there is believed to be a serious divergence of views between Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery, though the attitude of the Government in the Fashoda business practically received the support of all parties. At any

rate, for whatever reason, Sir William's decision appears to be final, and the Opposition must decide before February who is to lead them in the Commons. At present the chances are in favour of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is a man of large experience and great tact. Mr. Asquith is a much more impressive

resigned for reasons analogous to those which have actuated Sir William Harcourt.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

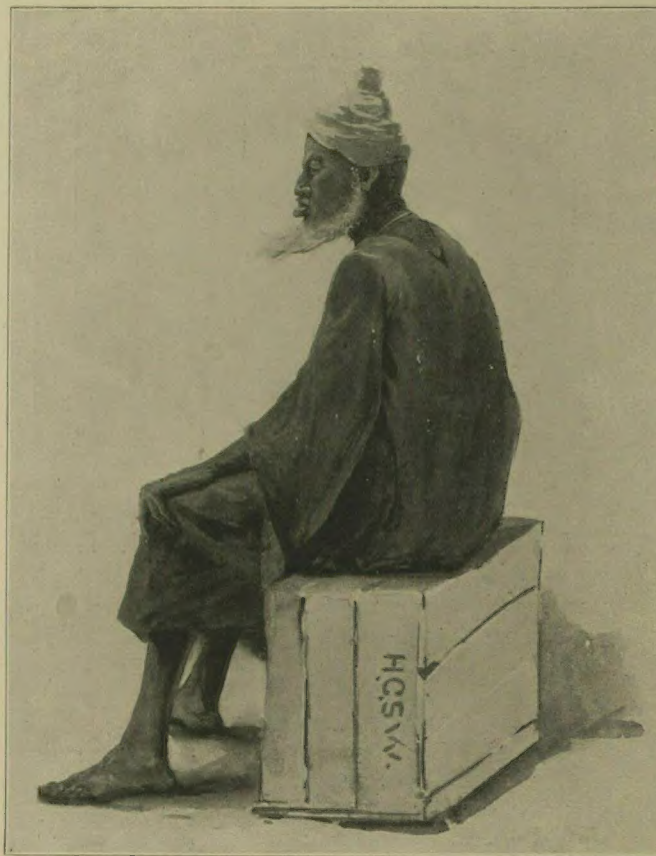
They have had a busy time at Drury Lane Theatre preparing for the pantomime, which Mr. Collins, the manager, and Mr. Sturges, librettist, have built round the immortal story of "The Forty Thieves," to the music of Mr. J. M. Glover. The leading players are the old favourites, Mr. Dan Leno and the veteran Mr. Herbert Campbell. The leading ladies are new-comers at "the Lane"—namely, Miss Nellie Campbell, the comic-opera artist, who in private life is the wife of Mr. Musgrove, the Australian theatre-manager; and Miss Amelia Stone, who came from America to play in "A Stranger from New York," at the Duke of York's Theatre, last summer. Christmas pleasure-seekers have another sort of amusement at hand in the shape of Barnum and Bailey's circus, menagerie, and what-not at Olympia. The "freaks" have been increased, and a capital naval spectacle has been formed out of the historic incident of the sinking of the *Merrimac*.

THE FRENCH IN SHANGHAI.

The proposal on the part of the French to extend their area of exclusive control at Shanghai has drawn forth a vigorous protest from the British, American, German, and Japanese merchants in that city. The protest is being forwarded to the Ministry at Peking by the Consuls of the nations interested. At a preliminary meeting Lord Charles Beresford was present, and maintained that in view of the cosmopolitan and commercial interests involved, it was not permissible for any Power to advance claims likely to derange trade and prejudice the general welfare. Our Map shows the British, French, and part of the American areas of exclusive control in Shanghai.

CIVILISATION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Our Illustrations of the region between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika give some idea of the progress civilisation is making in British Central Africa. There the military station forms the outpost of civilisation, and under its guarantee of peace the work of road-making and of boundary delimitation goes on. The Protectorate lies round the shores of Lake Nyassa and extends to the banks of the Zambesi. The administration of the territory by the Imperial Government was begun in 1891, but since 1894 the work has been taken over by the British South Africa Company, under the general supervision of the Imperial Commissioner. The European inhabitants number about three hundred, and the armed forces consist of Sikhs and negroes, about six hundred in all. The principal industry of the settlers is planting; coffee, sugar, and cinchona being the chief products. The expenses of administering the Protectorate are met partly by a locally raised revenue, partly by an annual grant from the British Government. For protection against the slave-trading Arabs and Yaos, forts have been erected along the frontier in all directions, but especially on the north and south-east. There are twelve administrative districts.



THE RISING IN SIERRA LEONE: THE REBEL LEADER, BAI BUREH, IN JAIL.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY LIEUT. H. E. GREEN, 1ST WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT.

See "Events of the Day."

figure, but not so popular. Sir Edward Grey's ability is very marked, but he is young, and may have to bide his time. Lord Kimberley will probably continue to lead the party in the Lords until there is some decisive manifestation of a preponderant desire to see Lord Rosebery back in the position which he



STREET PLAN OF THE BRITISH, FRENCH, AND PART OF THE AMERICAN CONCESSIONS AT SHANGHAI.

PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales loses, by the death of Mr. Christopher Sykes, one of his most valued friends. Mr. Sykes was, indeed, a pillar of society in so real a sense that his death will be felt more acutely in a considerable circle than the passing away of many a man of far greater distinction. Disraeli described him in "Lothair" as "a grave young man" who gave super-excellent dinners. He retained this reputation all his life. At his country house at Brantinghamthorp, royalty was a frequent guest. To old and young he was a supreme arbiter of fashion. He entered Parliament in 1863, and left it in 1892, having left his mark on legislation in the shape of the Sea-Birds Protection Act. Mr. Sykes was remarkable for directness of speech and contempt for the etiquette which is all in all to smaller minds.

On Dec. 20, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Rawson proceeded from London to Portsmouth and assumed command of the Channel Squadron by hoisting his flag on the *Majestic* with the usual ceremonial. Admiral Rawson, who is fifty-five years of age, entered the Navy in 1857, and immediately saw service in the China War of 1858-60. While a midshipman he commanded 1300 Chinese troops, during the defence of Ningpo, against the Taiping rebels. In 1875 he was Flag-Captain of the Mediterranean Fleet, and in 1878 hoisted the British flag in the capital of Cyprus. In Egypt and Africa he also served with great distinction.

Lord Vernon, who died at Bournemouth on Dec. 15, at the age of forty-four years, was son of the sixth Baron,

in red. Side by side with it we show a ten parades or quarter-piastre stamp for Crete, which has been printed in Athens, and will be introduced on Prince George's



CANADIAN STAMP FOR IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE.



NEW STAMP FOR CRETE.

arrival on the island. It is marked "Turkish Post." The design, which is simplicity itself, seems to offer all too easy a field to the forger.

The general expectation that the new Welsh Bishop would again come from the diocese of St. Asaph has not been disappointed. The new Bishop is the Very Rev. Watkin Herbert Williams, who has been, since the appointment of Dean Owen to St. David's, Dean of St. Asaph. The second son of Sir Hugh Williams, the Bishop-Designate is related to the great Welsh houses of Bodelwyddan and Wynnstay. His school was Westminster; his college Christ Church. He was content with a pass degree, and at once settled down to pastoral work in Wales. Appointed early to the family living of Bodelwyddan, he at once

Robertson had his military training with the 5th Battalion (Militia) Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to which corps he still belongs.

Mr. John Percival Gulich, who has died in his thirty-third year, was an illustrator of remarkable talent. The son of a merchant, he was educated at Charterhouse, and began life in his father's office in Mincing Lane. His artistic predilection, however, was too strong for him, and after drawing for some years for the comic press while still in business, he at length quitted the office and embraced the profession of art. He contributed to many popular periodicals, and recently was best known for his excellent work in the *Graphic*.

The first meeting in London on behalf of the Peace propaganda was impressive, and Mr. Stead read some interesting, if rather cautious, letters from eminent personages. But if the movement is to be saved from ridicule Mr. Stead must put a curb on his tongue. To say that at the Day of Judgment he would rather stand with the Russian diplomatists than with his own countrymen, and to suggest that the object of English statesmen is to take advantage of the pacific attitude of Russia to crush France, is worse than foolish. The Peace movement deserves the utmost sympathy.

Dr. Gatling has invented a new gun, which will throw a projectile three miles. It has come triumphantly through the tests, and is welcomed in America as the most formidable weapon in the world. Every Government will burn to possess it at any cost. How is this craving to be reconciled with the pacific project of the Czar? It is quite clear



Photograph by Russell.

THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES.



Photograph by Maud and Fox.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. RAWSON.



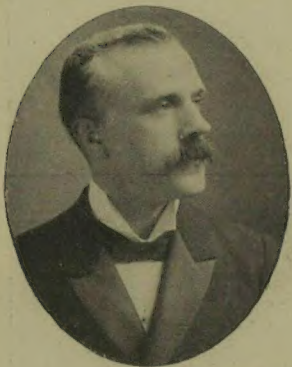
Photograph by W. W. Winter.

THE LATE LORD VERNON.



Photograph by Russell.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.



Photograph by Peckery, Nottingham.

MR. ALFRED BAKER.



Photograph by Robinson, Dublin.

CAPTAIN J. R. D. ROBERTSON.



Photograph by Russell.

THE NEW BISHOP OF BANGOR.



Photograph by Bernard Alford.

THE LATE MR. J. P. GULICH.

and succeeded his father in 1883. He served as a Captain in the 12th Lancers and in the Derbyshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and in 1892 was appointed Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, a position which he had to resign, two years later, owing to ill-health. He had a good knowledge of agriculture, and was chief promoter of the Model Dairy School at Sudbury. He served on the Royal Commission of 1893-94 which inquired into agricultural depression. Lord Vernon is of the ancient line of Vernons of Haddon, and was, to quote his kinsman Sir William Harcourt, the "head of the race."

In his eighty-second year, Sir Henry Hawkins has at last withdrawn from the Bench. It is only the other day that he caused no small stir by insisting on sitting far into the night in spite of the protests of exhausted counsel. Probably this was a *tour de force* artfully designed to impress the public with the idea that his resignation is not due to any failure of energy. Mr. Justice Hawkins may claim the repute of the most energetic Judge of his time. None of his contemporaries on the Bench was so much dreaded by the criminal classes. At the Bar he made his name in the Tichborne case. His cross-examination of a certain Mr. Baigent, one of the Claimant's witnesses, is still remembered. In 1876 he accepted a Judgeship, and he has presided over some of the most interesting criminal trials of the last twenty years. Sir Henry Hawkins has always been famous for his keen common-sense, and he is one of the few ornaments of the Bench constantly to be seen on the racecourse.

The stamp which will frank the blessings of Imperial Penny Postage for our Canadian brothers and sisters appears on this page. The design, which is by Mr. Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, shows a map of the world, with the British possessions prominently indicated

showed himself a model incumbent, and it was the merest justice when the Bishop asked him to succeed Archdeacon Smart. In that office he combined a wise and sympathetic discharge of duties which are often delicate with a general activity in the diocese; and it was no surprise when, on the elevation of Dean Owen to the see of St. David's, the Archdeacon was asked to fill the Deanery. He has done well in every respect. The Cathedral has become increasingly useful; his own interest in educational work has continued unabated; his energetic labours for Church Defence have been unremitting; his personal popularity unchecked. Welshmen recognise in the new Bishop one of themselves, and Churchmen at large are gratified at an appointment which promises to satisfy members of all parties.

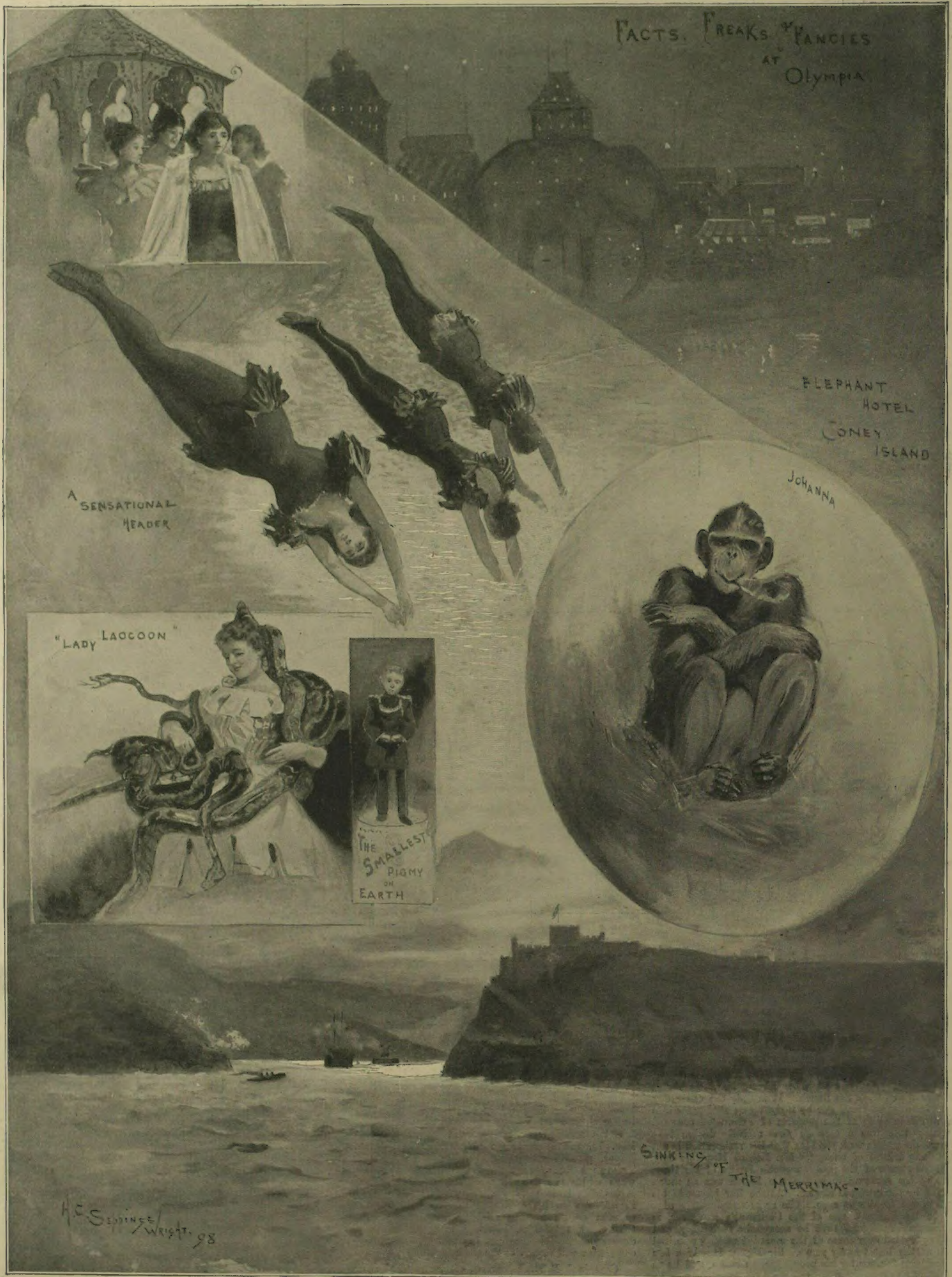
At a meeting of the London County Council, held on Dec. 13, the committee recommended that Mr. Alfred Baker, general manager of the Nottingham Corporation Tramways, be appointed manager of the London tramways, which the Council is now to take over and work. Mr. Baker is to receive a salary of £1000 a year, and in addition to his duties as manager is to advise the Council on all matters relating to the tramway undertaking. Six months, however, must elapse before his engagement at Nottingham expires. Meantime a sub-committee will supervise the work.

Captain J. R. D. Robertson, commanding the Frontier Force at Karene, distinguished himself in the late risings by capturing the important rebel chief, Alimani Lahai, thereby securing the reward of £50 offered by the Government for his apprehension. In our issue of Dec. 3 we published illustrations representing Captain Robertson's triumphal return to Karene with his prisoners, and other incidents connected with his late operations. Captain

that if the civilised nations are to come to any agreement for the discontinuance of armaments, they must begin by discouraging the inventor of great guns. Unless Dr. Gatling's genius can be diverted into another channel, it will be a standing temptation to Machiavellian War Ministers to steal a march on their rivals by secretly purchasing some horrible implement of destruction.

The Mayor of Algiers, M. Max Regis, has been suspended from his duties for a month. This very mild disciplinary measure is not likely to subdue a functionary who has organised a regular campaign of persecution and plunder against the Algerian Jews. This man was the moving spirit of the riots which disgraced Algiers some months ago, and he was elected Mayor by a rabidly Anti-Semitic mob. Unless the French Government intend to wash their hands of all responsibility for the guarantees of civil liberty in Algiers, they must make an example of M. Max Regis. Unfortunately, they make no examples nearer home, but allow the Drumonts and Rocheforts to heap disgusting calumnies on the highest judges of the land who refuse to prostitute justice to gratify Jew-baiters.

The friends of Madame Henry are raising a large subscription to defray the costs of an action against M. Joseph Reinach, whom she accuses of defaming her dead husband. The subscription is made the occasion of a great demonstration of the forces which are hostile to the Jews and to the Republic. Henry was undoubtedly a scoundrel. The sympathy with his widow is an affection which very thinly veils a stimulus to civil war. The spectacle of French Royalists waving the banner of forgery to discredit the Republic is not inspiring. It will not prevent the Supreme Court from dealing very thoroughly with the character of the lamented Henry, and with the characters of his accomplices.



SKETCHES AT OLYMPIA.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNDERGROUND AFFAIR.

When the Mouse left the Rue Serpente his mind was preoccupied by two problems—how to conceal his silver forks and how to get back to the Nanterre Fort. The second problem could wait till morning, but the first needed serious study. He already possessed one burrow. It was in the cellar of the house in the Rue d'Ypres. For, while doing menial service for Bourke and Harewood, he had managed to abstract booty from neighbouring windows—a spoon here, a silk handkerchief there—nothing much, but still a modest little heap of plunder, which he had concealed in the cellar of the house on the ramparts. Therefore his first instinct led him back to the Rue d'Ypres, where, if the *cachette* in the cellar remained undisturbed, he could further avail himself of it by depositing the forks with the rest of the loot.

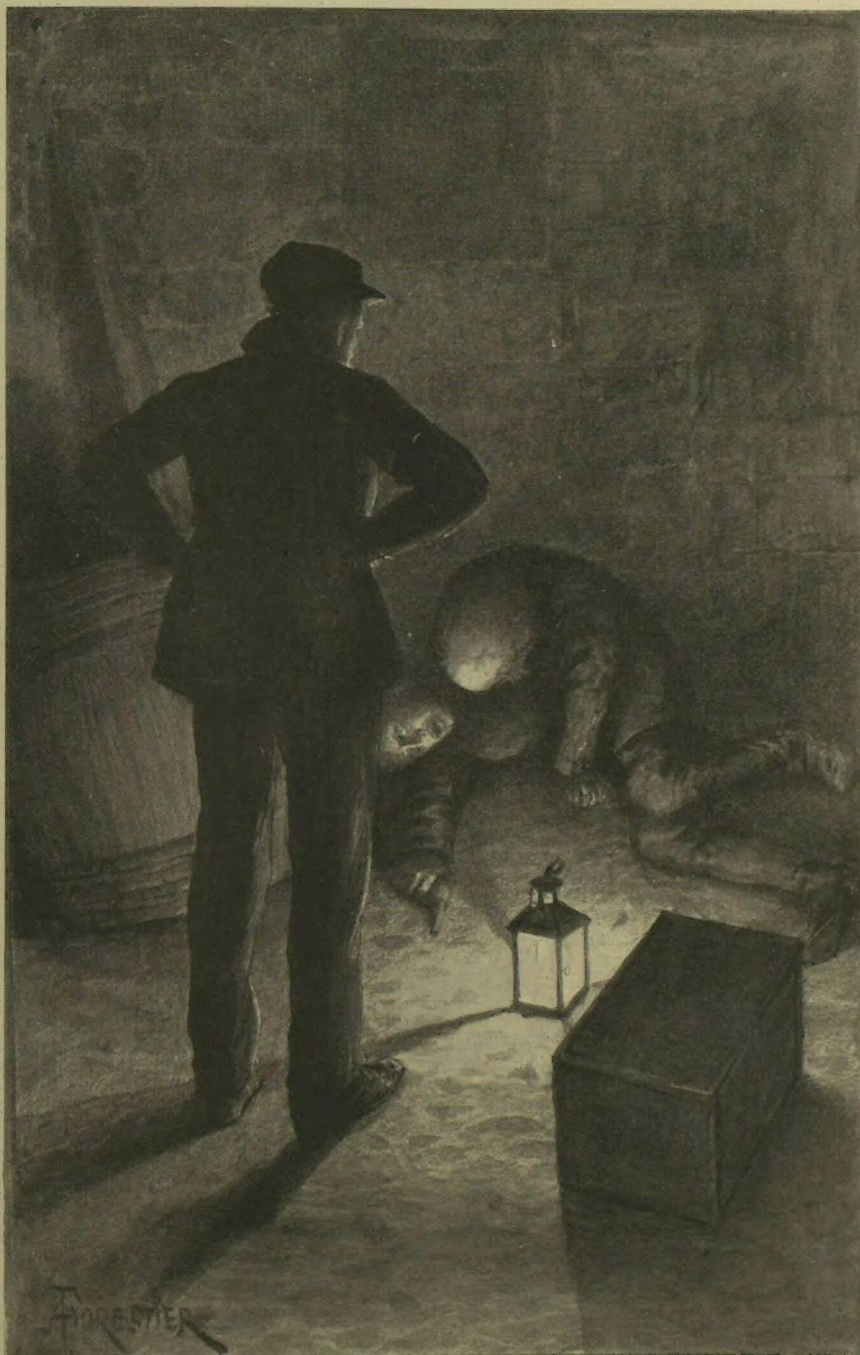
"Thrift," muttered the Mouse, "cannot be too early acquired. *Sapristi!* One must live in this world of bandits."

As he crossed the Boulevard Montparnasse he saw that the railroad-station was on fire. For a moment he hesitated—there might be fine pickings yonder—but prudence prevailed, and he shambled on, scanning the passers-by with crafty face half averted, bludgeon swinging, cap over one eye—the incarnation of communism militant. Affrighted citizens gave him room, turning to look after him as though in him they saw the symbol of all that was secret and dreadful in the city—the embodied shape of anarchy—the ominous prophet of revolution.

He passed on, swaggering when prudent, cringing when the sentries of the Guard, pacing the devastated streets, halted to look after him with lanterns raised. At such moments he cursed them, as loud as he dared; sometimes, when far enough away, he would insult them with gestures and epithets, gratifying to his vanity because of the slight risk such amusement entailed. He rattled the forks in his pocket as he walked; once or twice he broke into song—a doggerel verse or two of some sentimental *bar-ri-ère* ditty that attracted him, because, like criminals of his type, he adored sentiment—in song. He thought of Harewood lying in the casemates of the Nanterre Fort. Would he live or die? His wound had turned so bad that the surgeons began to look at him in that musing way that even the dying understand.

The Mouse scratched his ear; dead or alive he must find his way back to Harewood, for the necessity that he felt for Harewood's company left him restless as a lost cur. He thought often of Red Riding-Hood. She was so small and thin, and so afraid of him, that he wondered why he thought of her at all. In his burrow he had buried an infant's silver cup, which he decided to present to Red Riding-Hood when he could do so without fear of aspersions on his honesty. He chuckled as he thought how it would please the child; she would look at him with those big eyes, perhaps she would smile. *Nom de Dieu*, what a droll young one! And so he came to the house on the ramparts in the Rue d'Ypres.

The cellar of the house was reached from the garden through a flight of stone steps, and the heavy slab that closed the man-hole had no padlock. The Mouse, on his hands and knees, groped about in the dark, stumbling among dead weeds and broken cucumber-frames, puffing and cursing, until, without any warning, he almost fell into the man-hole itself. Startled, alert, he crouched breathlessly on the grass. Somebody had removed it; somebody, then, was in the cellar.



The Mouse crawled out into the light of the lantern and gazed down at the dead.

Stealthily he crawled into the man-hole, and descended the first three steps. His worn shoes made no noise; he crept three steps farther.

At the end of the cellar, in the full light of a lantern on the floor, sat three men. Two of them wore the uniforms of officers of the Carbineers; the third was in civilian dress. Their voices were indistinct, but their features were not, and the Mouse fairly bristled as he recognised them. They were Stauffer, Mortier, and Buckhurst.

His first thought was instinctively personal; they had come to rob him of his plunder. It was that, rather than curiosity, that led him to creep towards them, to wriggle behind a barrel, and crawl so close that, with outstretched arm, he could have stabbed Mortier—if Mortier had been alone.

Buckhurst, pale-faced, calm, bent his colourless eyes on Mortier and spoke in the passionless voice that always struck a chill to the Mouse's marrow. "Monsieur Mortier, you misunderstand me; I am not in this city for my health, nor am I here to preach the Commune. There is but one thing I am looking for—money—and I don't care how I get it or where I get it. Prussian thalers or French francs—it's all one to me."

Mortier raised his hideous head and fixed his little green eyes on the bloodless face before him.

"One minute," said Buckhurst, "and I've finished. Not to waste words, the situation is this: Captain Stauffer has arranged to open the Nanterre Fort to the Prussians; I have agreed to run a tunnel from this cellar, under the street, to the bastion where the Prophet is—I think it's bastion No. 73. Powder exploded in the tunnel opens a breach in the ramparts directly behind the Nanterre Fort. Do you understand?" He paused a moment. Then added: "For this we divide five hundred thousand thalers."

Stauffer began to speak eagerly, his weak face lighting up as he proceeded. "It was Speyer's plan; he had it in view before war was declared last July. He and I lodged in this house and planned it all out, even to excavating the tunnel to bastion 73. Curse the man who knocked him on the head! But we can do it alone; all we want of you is to help with the tunnel. It will be worth your while—really it will!"

Mortier's eyes seemed to grow incandescent, the great veins swelled out on his bald, dome-shaped head, his throat, under the red flannel rags, moved convulsively. As he rose to speak, Buckhurst, with the easy grace of a panther, rose too. Stauffer lumbered on to his feet and began to speak again, but Mortier silenced him and turned on Buckhurst like a wild beast. "I refuse!" he shouted. "I am an Anarchist, not a traitor! I kill, I destroy, I burn, I murder if necessary. But I will not betray—no, not for all the thalers in the kingdom of Prussia!" His eyes glittered with the light of insanity, his misshapen hands menaced Buckhurst. "Judas!" he shrieked. "The Commune shall rise and live to judge you! Cursed son of a free people! Renegade, thief!"

There was a flash, a report. Mortier clapped his hands to his face, which streamed with blood. The next moment he sprang at Buckhurst, bore him down, twined him closer in his long, misshapen arms, and fastened his teeth in his throat, while Buckhurst shot him again and again through the body. They swayed and fell together; the deadly light died in Buckhurst's glazing eyes; after a minute, neither moved again.

Stauffer had gone, flying like one distracted, when the Mouse crawled out into the light of the lantern and gazed down at the dead.

Presently he turned, grubbed a hole in the ground, deposited his forks with the rest of his booty, rose, glanced at the dead again, and picked up the lantern. He spat on the ground, for Buckhurst had tricked him once. So he insulted the corpse with a contemptuous gesture, and went out, swinging his lantern and sneering. "Give up the Nanterre Fort, eh?" he repeated, mimicking Stauffer's effeminate voice. "Oh, ma sœur! Oh, la la! A nous deux, Monsieur Pipelet—à demain."

The Prophet was firing as he left the city by the Porte Rouge; he looked up at the great cannon and mocked it. "Tiens, boum, boum, boum! Oh, la la! Oh, Seigneur Dieu!—que la guerre est ridicule tout d'même!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NIGHT OF ATONEMENT.

That night, the zone of bombardment having shifted far to the south-west, Bourke went to the American Embassy. It was eleven o'clock when he returned, thoroughly discouraged. He had seen the Minister, but that official could do nothing to protect Yvette and Hildé. There was no room at the Embassy; it was not even certain that the Embassy itself would be safe, although the Minister, in some heat, denounced those responsible for the bombardment and promised to protest against the destruction of foreign consulates and embassies. So Bourke came back to the Rue Serpente, worried and anxious, for it was not possible for him to go to the Nanterre Fort and leave Yvette and Hildé alone without the protection of responsible people. He and Yvette sat up late into the night, discussing the situation, while Hildé lay on the bed, listening perhaps, but offering no suggestions. About

midnight Red Riding-Hood awoke, sobbing from hunger, and Yvette comforted the child, saying good-night to Bourke and kissing her sister tenderly. "Listen, Hildé," she said; "Cecil is going to the Nanterre Fort, so you must not be so sad, my darling. Look up at me, little sister; I am not selfish and heartless after all. Cecil must go."

"I will go as soon as you and Hildé are in safe quarters," began Bourke; but Hildé sat up on the bed and forbade him to go. "It is enough that one life is in danger," she said; "your place is here with Yvette. You can do nothing for him; he is in the casemates and under medical attendance. What could you do?"

"I shall go when I see you and Yvette secure," repeated Bourke.

"Secure, how?" asked Hildé bitterly. "Your Embassy has no room for us; and do you think Monsieur Bismarck will order his gunners to respect any part of the city? The people in the street say that convents and hospitals have been struck repeatedly. Have the Prussians not sent their shells into the crowded streets of the poor?" It was the first time that Yvette had ever heard Hildé speak with bitterness. Bourke, too, looked at her sharply, wondering at the change in the gentle, reserved girl he had known. "No," she continued rapidly, "no, no, no! The Prussians spare neither young nor old, man nor woman! You cannot go, Cecil—Yvette needs you now, if ever." She rose and flung her arms around Yvette. "Dearest, he must not go to the Nanterre Fort. It is wrong for him to leave you; it is wrong for him to expose his life."

"Confound it!" said Bourke helplessly. "I'd go to him if he were at the South Pole—but I can't leave Yvette in danger; my skin is no longer my own to risk."

"Nor was his," said Hildé gravely, and she went into her own room and closed the door.

The night was bitter cold; the frost covered the window-panes with moss-like tracery, silvered by a pale radiance from without. And Hildé, opening the window, looked out over the dark city and saw the midnight heavens blazing with stars. The icy air seemed grateful to her burning cheeks, but after a little she closed the window, fearing the cold might harm the others. There was a short ladder in the passage, leading to the scuttle; she found it and climbed up, and out on to the roof. Her hot cheeks and aching eyes grew no cooler in the freezing wind; she even threw back her shawl and bared her white throat.

The heavens were resplendent; the tremendous vault of sky, far-arching, fathomless, was dusted with myriads of stars, among which, deep-set, the splendid planets sparkled, and the gigantic constellations traced their signs in arcs and angles and jewelled circles that spanned the heavens from horizon to horizon. Spire on spire the city towered, domed, battlemented, magnificent in the starlight—the beautiful sinful city in whose streets men lay dying by the score for lack of bread. The jewelled spire of the Ste. Chapelle, the silvery dome of the Invalides, the grotesque Gothic tower of St. Jacques, loomed distinctly from the endless mass of house and palace, monument and church. In the east the enormous bulk of the Pantheon detached itself against the sky; in the north the twin towers of Notre Dame dominated the dim shapes of roof and chimney; and through the world of shadow wound the starlit river—a phantom tide spanned by a score of fairy bridges, impalpable, vague, ghostly as their own reflections in the ice-bound stream.

And now, far beyond the walls, Hildé could see the forts. The tiny flashes ran from east to west, then south, then back again, a running chain of sparks. The cannon's solid thunder rolled and surged majestically, wave after wave, harmonious, interminable. On the heights of Meudon, Clamart, and Châtillon, the flicker of the Prussian guns ran parallel to the flashes from the forts of the south and west; their shells were falling on the Point du Jour. The girl could see the bright reflections of fires along the frozen river, the red smoke, the nearer blast from the great guns on the ramparts. Overhead raced the shells, streaming by with kindling wakes of sparks dropping and fading one by one. Then, from Mont Valérien the rockets towered to the zenith and drifted and faded while the Point du Jour answered, rocket on rocket, and the bastions re-echoed with the double thunder of the shotted guns. Could that be real war—that Venetian fête of coloured fires, rockets, illuminations, dull reports? Hark! the jar of a great iron bell came quavering over the city; the faint rattle of drums broke out across the river—the tocsin, and the alarm! Hildé did not hear them; she was talking to herself, under her breath, counting the forts on her slender fingers, Issy, Vanves, Mont Valérien, St. Denis—oh! then there must lie the Nanterre Fort—there where the darkness is shot with streak after streak of flame. At last she knew.

The fort was silent now, but within her breast a voice spoke. And she listened, leaning from the iron railing. She knew that God's justice was passing—passing in fire through the heavens above the city—the fair city brought low in her shame. For the night of atonement was at hand.

Atonement! The sad knell rang through her brain, ominous, sonorous, and the solemn tocsin bore it on, intoning—atonement! atonement!

At first she wept, leaning on the icy parapet; for the justice of God is a fearful thing, and she was young. But

her tears froze on her cheeks, and she went down through the house, and out, and far into the city to the gates. They would not let her pass. She came back through the blind dead avenues, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, until, at her own door she paused, her hand on the wall, her listless eyes closed. It was dawn. Red Riding-Hood came out with a covered basket, to take her place in the line at the butcher's.

Hildé smiled when she saw her, and, stooping, kissed the child. "Tell them I have gone to the Nanterre Fort," she said. So she went away into the city to the gates again, where cavalry were passing, and she passed out among the horses and the troopers. Nobody told her the road. At a crossway, in the centre of a dismantled hamlet, the stupid freezing troopers wheeled to the west; Hildé kept on, her white face fixed on the road. The grey dawn came up behind the Fortress of the East; the bombardment ceased as the sun appeared, but from the forts the smoke-rifts fled away and the guns flashed steadily, pounding the heights of Châtillon and the parapets of St. Cloud, where the sullen Prussian artillery lay breathless, waiting for the night again to strike. The frozen road seemed endless; the devastated treeless fields stretched flat on either hand. To Hildé they seemed burning with the glitter of the sun kindling each ice-crystal to a living coal. Her tired, hot eyes drooped, her feet dragged, but the fever in her heart gave her no rest, and she moved on, unconscious of her exhaustion.

There were men who called to her at times; she saw they were soldiers, but she neither heard nor answered their hoarse hails. Perhaps the pickets thought she was some crazed, starved young thing whose suffering had driven her from the doomed city; perhaps they took her for a nurse, for she still wore the grey wool and the red-cross band above her elbow. A squad of Francs-tireurs, outside the outposts, called to her to go back. She did not even raise her head. A peasant, crouched before a fire in a ditch by the roadside, warned her that Uhlans had been there the night before. She looked at him, and passed on.

There was the shell of a blackened village beyond her—a mere hamlet, charred, crumbling, half hidden in the snow. She entered the main street, dragging her tired little feet over burned timbers and piles of brick and stone. Twice she stumbled to her knees, but she rose and went on, her grey skirt powdered with snow. There was a man walking ahead of her in the street, a soldier. He heard her and waited for her. It was some minutes after he had dropped alongside that she heard him talking, but even then she did not even look at him, until he took hold of her arm, still talking and grimacing. The man was Stauffer. She wrenched her arm away and moved faster, but he followed and held her back. From sheer weakness she fell to her knees; then she hid her face in her hands, crying as though her heart would break. She could scarcely rise again; her head swam, and the glare on the snow dazzled her.

She noticed that there were two men beside her now; how the other came she did not know, but she saw, with no surprise, that one of them was the Mouse. He had the other man by the arm and was leading him back toward Paris. "Tiens!" said the Mouse; "Captain Stauffer—here, don't run away—Captain Stauffer, you are a little rough with ladies; come now, admit you are a little ardent—eh, Captain?"

Stauffer turned a frightened face to the Mouse, "What are you doing?" he cried, struggling. "Let go!"

"Come on," said the Mouse amiably; "let us get round this house, so, where the lady can't see us. It might frighten her."

"What do you mean?" stammered Stauffer, wrenching himself free and turning towards the road again.

"Wait," said the Mouse, barring his way. "I want to tell you something amusing. Do you remember giving me a German gold-piece to march with you and your Carbineers on the Hôtel de Ville? Don't! You said it was for plunder. You lied; it was for Monsieur Bismarck!"

Stauffer took a step backward and drew a revolver; the Mouse cleared the space between them at a single bound; there was a shriek, a flurry of snow. The Mouse stepped back, wiping his red knife on his trousers. "Now go and sell the Nanterre Fort!" he sneered. Stauffer, stabbed through and through, rolled in the snow, trying to rise. "Go and sell Paris. Hurry, or you'll be late!" said the Mouse, moving off. The miserable wretch dragged himself after him, calling for mercy, moaning and sobbing, praying he might not be left to freeze in the snow. He followed the Mouse on his hands and knees, with his agonised face raised in piteous entreaty. The Mouse hesitated, watching the writhing creature askance; then he went back and finished his work.

When he came up with Hildé again, he said nothing. She neither looked at him nor spoke to him, for already, over the snowy plain, her strained eyes were fixed on a low hill that rose black and solitary from the spotless level—the Nanterre Fort.

The Mouse saw it too. Fringing smoke draped the battlements where, from an angle hidden on the hill-side, a mortar fired slowly. Other guns, concealed by the rocks in the rear of the fort, sent the smoke whirling up over the citadel, obscuring the flag flying there until a current of wind revealed it again.

On they went, on, on, and still on. The fort seemed no nearer. They crossed a dismantled railroad track, covered with snow. The Mouse slipped on the twisted rails and rose swearing. The sun beat down on the expanse of ice and snow; the reflection was intolerable. Once, far out on the plain, something dark appeared. The Mouse knew what it was, and he halted, shaking from head to foot. But the squad of Uhlans either did not see them or else feared a shot from the Gatlings on the glacis of the fort, for they disappeared after a while, followed by the hearty curses of the Mouse.

About noon, when the fort seemed within a stone's-throw, a picket hailed them from a hillock to the left. "Volunteer nurse and attendant!" bawled the Mouse in answer to the summons.

Twenty minutes later they were climbing an icy road that wound up the hillside. Dense thickets screened it; squads of artillerymen in armless sheepskin coats passed them, scarcely noticing. The road took abrupt angles, each angle covered by a cannon. Mitrailleuses glimmered behind parapets jutting from the rock; long field-pieces peered through *abatis* on every side. Two great iron gates were passed, the sentries falling back and saluting the red

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been cultivating friendly relations with the Churches of the East. The Archbishop of Smyrna was present when the Bishop of Gibraltar laid the foundation-stone of a new English Church, and the heads of the churches at Bucharest, Odessa, Constantinople, Athens, and Patras have expressed themselves full of fraternal feeling towards the Church of England. It is needless to say that the approach of a large section of the English Church to the Eastern Church will greatly accentuate home controversy.

Mr. Suckling, of St. Alban's, Holborn, has informed his people that he is prepared to give canonical obedience to his Bishop, but that no alteration in the services will be made while the matter is under consideration.

In a speech delivered last week at the Church House, Lord Halifax said: "Can there be any real doubt as to the merits of the present controversy when you have men like Sir William Harcourt and Kensit on one side, and men like Mr. Suckling and Mr. Stanton on the other?" Mr. Russell at the same meeting claimed that John Wesley, Reginald Heber, Archbishop Magee, and even

ajourned to the Parish Church for the reception and conclusion of the service. Canon Cremer said that he knew of no convenient baptistery in a church nearer to Keighley than Winchester.

Mr. Rhodes has been entertaining the South African Provincial Synod at luncheon at his beautiful house near Cape Town. The Mayor of Cape Town, who is a Wesleyan, entertained the Archbishop, Bishops, and the whole of the Synod at a public luncheon.

Towards the Methodist Million Guineas Fund, about a quarter of the sum asked for has been promised. It is fully expected that the whole sum will be raised, but there may be more difficulty than was thought likely at the start.

A magnificent new Congregational chapel, with accommodation for about two thousand people, is to be built at Brighton. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has become very popular in the town, will be the minister.

The death is announced of the Rev. Hugh Ryves Baker, Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Woolwich. Mr. Baker was a diligent writer in the correspondence columns



A peasant, crouched before a fire in a ditch by the roadside, warmed her that Uhlans had been there the night before.

cross on Hildé's sleeve. Then they turned into a level street, paved, lined with lamps, running between solid walls of masonry. Another iron gate admitted them to a square, also paved, and faced in with barracks of grey stone, badly shattered.

"You can cross the parade," said the artilleryman on guard, pointing with his sabre. "The Prussians only bombard us at night."

"Follow!" said the Mouse briefly, and Hildé followed, across the parade where squads of soldiers were repairing the barracks, through a narrow alley deep set between towering ramparts, into another court, down flight after flight of broad stone steps, then into an arcade, dimly lighted by lanterns and crowded with soldiers moving about aimlessly. Just above them a cannon thundered, shaking the ground under their feet.

"We're almost there," said the Mouse, peering at Hildé's bloodless face. He pushed open a door in the wall, and entered a room dimly lit with a single lantern. There were some beds there, round one of which a screen was pulled. "That's not it—he isn't dying," muttered the Mouse; "I think he's in that other bed." Then he raised a whining voice, "Monsieur!"

In the half light a head stirred on a pillow; there came a faint cry, "Hildé!"

And Hildé fell beside the bed and laid her tired head in Harewood's arms.

(To be continued.)

Lord Shaftesbury, practised prayer for the faithful departed.

The contributions to the Additional Curates Society have greatly fallen off. The society helps to support 1140 assistant clergy in the poorer parts of the cities and industrial centres in England and Wales, and undoubtedly does an excellent work.

The Rev. Eric Farrar, a son of the Dean of Canterbury, has been instituted by the Bishop of London to the Vicarage of St. John's, Hoxton. The Bishops of Stepney and Islington, Dean Farrar, Archdeacon Sinclair, the patron, and nearly a thousand parishioners were present.

The Church House scheme for Liverpool has taken a step forward, the committee having decided to purchase the Clarendon Buildings at a cost of £48,000. The idea of the committee is to build the place in three portions, according to their purse. The Bishop has given £1000 towards the scheme, and has promised to hand over a valuable library of theological and other works. It is expected that the foundation-stone will be laid in March next.

Last week the Keighley Baptist Chapel was lent to the Rector of Keighley, the Rev. Canon Cremer, for the baptism by immersion of an adult member of the congregation. After the actual baptism, the congregation

of the Church papers, and was a hard-working parish priest. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1855. He died after only a few days' illness.

The Rev. A. B. Timbrell, Rector of Old Swinford, has succumbed at the age of fifty-one to an incurable disease from which he had suffered for some four years. He was a highly distinguished student of Durham, and an admirable organiser. V.

The funeral of Mr. William Black took place very quietly in Rottingdean Churchyard, near Brighton. Mrs. Black was not well enough to attend, but Mr. Norman Black, the novelist's son, and his two daughters were present at the grave. The two journalistic friends in chief were also there—Sir John Robinson and Sir Wemyss Reid. His many artist friends were represented by Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A. Also there were Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who have spent much of their time lately at Rottingdean, a favourite place with Mr. Kipling's uncle, the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, close to whom Mr. Black now reposes. The novelist's favourite hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," was sung, and upon the coffin the most conspicuous and fitting wreath was a large one composed of heather. And thus simply, and with friends about him to the end, the last chapter of William Black's story was closed.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

With the return of Christmas it is our pleasant task to wish our readers the compliments of the season. Despite the carping of a cynical minority, the ancient festival holds its place in our hearts as of yore, and the Father Christmas who taps at our door this year is our old familiar friend. There is little prospect, certainly, of the seasonable white Christmas-tide; but as if in compensation, the pictorial mementoes of the hour have reverted to the old ideals of snow and holly-berry, warm firelight, and Yuletide cheer. The holly-tree of reality has unfortunately put forth no propitious red berries, but what nature lacks, art is supplying; for the merchants of Covent Garden have created a new industry, the fastening of artificial berries to the festive green boughs. It is a pious fraud with which nobody will find much fault. The shops have been gay and crowded as of old.

Recent events in West Africa lend timeliness to the portrait-groups reproduced on this page. The first photograph represents "A" Company (Captain Goodwyn's) of the West African Regiment, which has just caught Bai Bureh, the Chief of the Timmini tribe. The West African Regiment was raised by Colonel Woodgate, C.B., only last April, and has already done good work. The officer to the left of Captain Goodwyn is Lieutenant Green, of the Essex Regiment, Captain Goodwyn's subaltern; and the other white man standing behind is Captain Goodwyn's colour-sergeant, Sergeant Hardie, of the Scots Fusiliers. The black sergeant with a sash, standing on his left hand, is Sergeant Thomas, who was the first man to lay hands on Bai Bureh. The smaller photograph shows a group of special service officers of the force, and includes Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, D.S.O., of the Derbyshire Regiment, who is seated in the middle; Captain Goodwyn on his left. Colonel Cunningham commands the 1st Battalion West African Regiment;

Lieutenant Terrard, 4th Dragoon Guards; then Lieutenant Jones, Welsh Regiment. West Africa certainly offers a fine and ever-expanding field to the energy of our younger officers.

To-day (Saturday, Dec. 24) will be memorable in the annals of Bonn, when the city will be *en fête* for the opening of the new bridge across the Rhine. This bridge



NEW BRIDGE OPENED AT BONN ON DECEMBER 21.

has an interest not only for the inhabitants of this famous University city, but also for the public generally, as its centre span is the largest of any bridge yet constructed, measuring 188 metres. The opening ceremony will be performed by



BAI BUREH'S CAPTORS: CAPTAIN GOODWYN'S COMPANY OF THE WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT.

Captain Goodwyn is second in command. On Colonel Cunningham's right is Lieutenant and Adjutant Mourilyan; standing on his right is Lieutenant Streeten, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; then Lieutenant Green, Essex Regiment; then

H.R.H. Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, sister of the Emperor of Germany, and granddaughter of our Queen. The town of Bonn stands on the left bank of the Rhine, and has enjoyed celebrity since the fourth century, when it is mentioned as Bonna. The University was founded in 1786, and was suppressed under French rule in 1801, but refounded seventeen years later. Its library contains 200,000 volumes. There are also a botanic garden and a museum of natural history, mineralogy, and a school of agriculture.

The number of total abstainers among members of Parliament and members of the Bar is not so great as to deprive Sir Richard Webster of real distinction in being one of them. In the Government, we imagine, he stands alone; and his unique position gives an accent to his statement, made the other evening at a meeting of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society, that eighteen years of total abstinence had convinced him that intoxicants were not a necessity to men who keep late hours and undertake arduous labours.

The question of flogging prisoners is once more under discussion. Mr. Justice Day, the great approver of the lash, has lately given forty strokes to a prisoner who is now in bed recovering from the effects of the first twenty, and will still be lacerated by the second instalment when his term of imprisonment expires. Mr. Justice Mathew, on the other hand, refuses to endorse the recommendation of a jury that the lash should be more commonly applied to men guilty of assaults upon women and children. If the law of an eye for an eye were still in force, the argument might be closed. But Christian ethics have another ideal, and the man whose cheek is struck, if he does not literally turn his other cheek to the smiter, does not seek revenge, but only repression. Whether the lash or the cell is the greater deterrent seems to be a matter of some doubt. For, within the last few days, a man condemned to a long term of imprisonment implored the judge to give him an alternative of flogging, while another man, condemned to the lash, asked for a long imprisonment in its place. *De gustibus non disputandum.*



SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICERS OF THE WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT.

Mr. Chamberlain, who lately entertained the Bishop of Chester at Highbury, has now paid a visit to another prelate, the Bishop of Ripon. For all guests of that Bishop a visit to Fountains Abbey is a necessity, and an old colleague could hardly visit Fountains without calling upon its owner, the Marquis of Ripon, at Studley Royal. Mr. Chamberlain was sure beforehand that he could count on a cordial reception from his fellow member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in the days before Home Rule; and a cordial reception he actually got, though, as it happened, the Marquis of Ripon's last political speech had been mostly concerned with a criticism of the recent utterances of his visitor.

That Fleet Street curiosity known as "the Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey" is shortly going the way of all the quaint relics of London. There is not much historical foundation, we fear, for all the claims of the old house, but the story goes that Wolsey had a hand in the building of it, that the proud prelate, indeed, caused Sir Amyas Paulet to build it as a penalty for having set Wolsey in the stocks for "brawling" (ecclesiastical reactionaries to note this), when the great Cardinal was but an inconsiderable parish priest. Paulet seems to have been for several years practically Wolsey's prisoner in that very house. For seventy-five years the old gate-house has been tenanted by the family of Mr. Carter, the tonsorial artist, to whom not a few of us pay periodic visits. At present, owing to the exigencies of structural alterations, the studio has been removed to the beautiful old panelled chamber on the first floor,

where, as you incline your chin upwards at the angle Figaro demands, you are soothed for your pains by the sight of a wondrous ceiling picked out in colour and gilding, and bearing the emblazoned initials "P. H.," said to stand for "Prince Henry." Yet the joy is not untouched with sadness; for you know that all this ancient splendour is soon to pass away.

The balloon in warfare must now more than ever do its work under cover of night, otherwise its shrift will be short. Our illustration shows the practice of the new quick-

The member for Canterbury was also called "the member for Australia," and it has been Mr. Henniker Heaton's purpose to lessen by cheap postage the distance between his far-apart constituents. Australia may lag for the moment in the movement for Penny Ocean Postage; but nobody who has read Mr. Henniker Heaton's letters, and who knows how



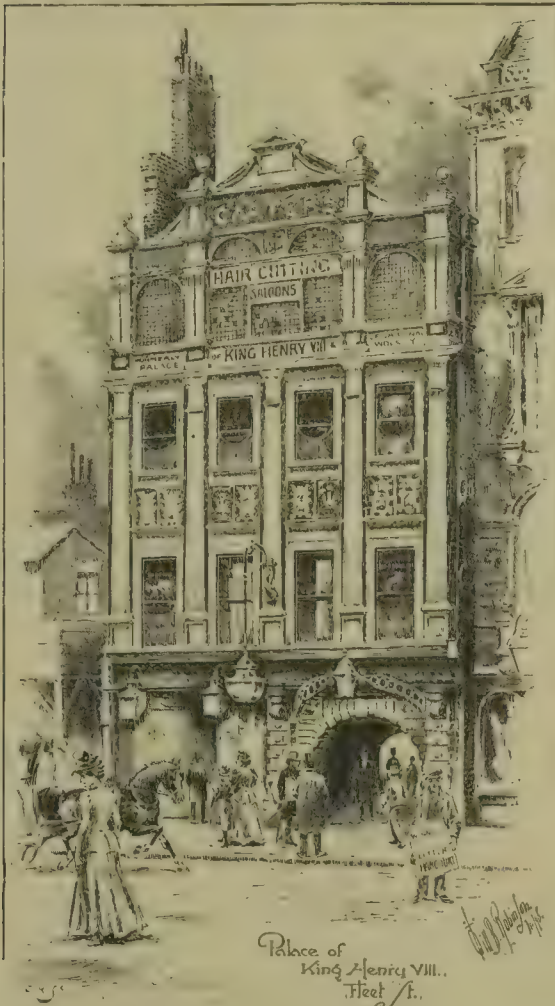
MR. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Who agitated for the Inter-Colonial Penny Postage that we shall enjoy with the New Year.

his forecasts have a happy knack of coming true, can doubt that the delay means no final deprivation of that ease of intercourse between England and her exiles in Australasia which other points of the Empire compass this Christmas Day. Meanwhile, the energies of the Postal Reformer—for to this phase of Mr. Henniker Heaton's career we now confine ourselves—are unrelaxing. That Englishmen can telegraph money-orders to each other within the bounds of the United Kingdom is his achievement, and his is the boon of the parcel-post from England to France. But his great service and triumph was done and won when, in July last, he carried the scheme of Imperial Penny Postage, from which his name can never be divorced.



GERMAN ARTILLERY PRACTISING AT A KITE BALLOON WITH THE NEW QUICK-FIRING GUN.



VANISHING LONDON: THE OLD "PALACE OF HENRY VIII. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY," IN FLEET STREET.

firing cannon now provided for the German artillery. The kite balloon was kept moving at an altitude of 600 metres. The guns were 3000 metres distant. After the third discharge the range was found, and each succeeding shot told. The balloon was pierced in all directions, set on fire, and quickly brought to the ground.

A happy Christmas to the member for Canterbury! So on the twenty-fifth of December in this year of grace 1898 will say thousands of men and women who sit down to write to their friends in India, in Canada, in Natal, at the Cape. "A penny for your thoughts" of the absentees, says the Post-Office now, where before it set a tax of twopence-halfpenny. The difference is a Christmas box from Mr. Henniker Heaton to the letter-writer; nor shall we be astonished if the Postmaster-General himself receives a handsome Christmas box this season from Mr. Henniker Heaton in the shape of an increase, beyond the dreams of postal reformers even, in the number of messages carried from England to the end of the Empire. Let the Duke of Norfolk have his due, and Mr. Mulock, the Postmaster-General of Canada, and all the others; but the man who has made the reform at once possible and necessary to the executive at home and in the Colonies is undoubtedly this apostle of Imperial Penny Postage in Parliament, on the platform, and in the Press, whose portrait is published upon its birthday. We do not doubt that Mr. Henniker Heaton's services will be recognised, if not in the list of New Year Honours, yet at a very early date.

A descendant of the Lancashire Heatons of Heaton, Mr. Henniker Heaton, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Heaton, R.E., was born in Rochester in 1848. Educated at King's College, London, he emigrated to Australia while still in his teens, and took to agriculture and to journalism, reaping rich rewards in both. He once held in his own name at the Antipodes an acreage larger than that of the whole county of Kent—a county which claimed him on his return to England, and sent him to Parliament for its metropolitan city.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Great Lord Burghley. A Study in Elizabethan Statecraft. By Martin A. S. Hume. (Nisbet.)
Domitia. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)
Settled Out of Court. By G. B. Burgin. C. A. Pearson.
The Enchanted Stone. By C. Lewis Hind. (Black.)
The Others—By One of Them. By R. Neish. (Arrowsmith.)
The Child of Pleasure. Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding. With an Introduction and Verse Translation by Arthur Symonds. (Heinemann.)
Emma's Winter Quarters. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan and Co.)
The Robert Browning Birthday-Book. Compiled by J. P. (Routledge.)
Billy and Hans, and their Successors. By W. J. Stillman. (John Murray.)
The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone. By W. H. (Bullock) Hall, F.R.G.S. (Macmillan and Co.)
Shropshire. By Augustus J. C. Hare. (George Allen.)
An Illustrated Catalogue of Old and Rare Books. (Pickering and Chatto.)

The house of Cecil is far the most interesting governing family that has shaped the destinies of England, for its history stretches from the days of Queen Bess to the times of Queen Victoria, when it is represented by the Marquis

of Salisbury, who inherits to a remarkable degree the instincts and the methods of his race. Hence no biography of an English statesman could be so instructive as that of William Cecil, the great Lord Burghley, who must be regarded as the founder of his house. The Cecils, of course, go much further back than 1520, the year of his birth, but they began to be effective only with him. The difficulty of writing



Photograph by Humeano.
MAJOR MARTIN A. S. HUME.

his life lies in the enormous mass of available material. Cecil was a very painstaking worker and a great collector, and the charter-chest at Hatfield has supplied the historical Manuscripts Commission Reports with no fewer than six octavo volumes. Mr. Martin Hume, however, has the true historian's sense of selection, and within the five hundred odd pages of this book he has epitomised the splendid foundation which Cecil laid for England and for his own descendants. He that runs may read; while the student is supplied with constant indications of the data on which Mr. Hume bases his structure. Mr. Hume has not moulded his material to create or support a set theory about Cecil. He has used the facts to "pourtray a lofty personality who has left an enduring impress on the history of his country." Cecil started life in rather a desultory way by marrying, at the age of one-and-twenty, Mary Cheke, the daughter of the widow who kept the wine-shop in Cambridge. His appearance as a law-student of Gray's Inn was not brilliant; and his appointment to the office of *custos brevium* in the Court of Common Pleas in 1544 was humble enough. Hence the story of his gradual rise from such poor beginnings makes him all the more interesting; and within the next fifty-four years (for he died precisely three centuries ago) Cecil summed up much of England's policy. The leading lines of England's history during that period are familiar. It was a golden age, and most of its makers have long since been canonised by almost universal consent. When Cecil died Europe paused beneath the blow. The Queen waxed weak, and tears frequently streamed down "her goodly cheeks," for in Burghley she had lost not merely the great adviser, but the affectionate friend of her life. Burghley's statesmanship, says Mr. Hume in summing up, was exactly what the circumstances of his time needed. He was precipitated on a period of radical change, when the moderate, tactful, cautious man is needed, and Cecil had these gifts in pre-eminence. He was not a constructive statesman, a pioneer of great causes, but "his objects and ideals were much higher than his methods, because the latter belonged to his own age, whereas the former were based upon broad truths and great principles which are eternal." For setting forth, classifying, and selecting the tangled mass of material which forms the history of the days of Elizabeth, as directed by Burghley, Mr. Martin Hume must be thanked by all who would know something of the whys and wherefores of a remarkable period in our evolution from an island, to an empire, race.

"Domitia" is that rarest of books, a readable story of the ancient world. "Readable," indeed, hardly describes its popular merits. It is lively. Mr. Baring-Gould has his own recipe for liveliness in such works. He is always a close student of the times he would illustrate; fills himself full of information respecting their manners and interests and incidents, and then turns it all into a story that would be humanly interesting in every age. Secondly, and here his aims are exactly contrary to those of most writers of historical romance, he translates the whole into the language of to-day. As an antiquarian his main idea has ever been to prove the solidarity of humanity through the ages, to show that we late-comers are kinsmen of the primitive folks; in imaginative work it has been to make other epochs not merely understood but familiar. So in this tale of early Christian Rome we recognise our own neighbours; our very fashions and affectations are reproduced. Domitia is the permanent type of the idealist seeking truth amid corrupt circumstances. As one looks at her face, as it appears in the bust in the Capitoline Museum, one understands why Mr. Baring-Gould has written her story. Her tragic life must draw all hearts.

But it is in the group of minor characters, and especially in her clever, amusing, frivolous mother, that the old days are brought nearest to us.

On all sides we find evidence that the influence of Dickens is reviving. Mr. Gissing has proved it in "The Town Traveller," Mr. Gallon in "Tatterley," and now Mr. Burgin pays the homage of imitation. "Settled Out of Court" is the most good-natured of stories. It would be just a little too sweet were it meant as a realistic picture of life, but it has no such intention. The generous people in it are tremendously generous; the self-sacrificing immolate every bit of themselves; the grotesque ones give up the whole of their personalities to laughter; and when riches come it is like an inundation. It does us good to live in the company of Mr. Burgin's kindly folk, to be a fellow-guest, at the little parties, of the beneficent young journalist hero; of Hodgo, the converted Scrooge; of Sir Lancelot, the valiant and rakish cut, and his fascinating mistress, Chicks; of Mary, the coquettish beauty, and even of Edna, the exaggerated saint.

Mr. Hind has fancy, and he has a sense of farce. The combination of these two qualities somewhat militates against the complete success of "The Enchanted Stone," inasmuch as one is never quite sure of Mr. Hind's mood. Is he burlesquing the romance of the horrible, of which we have had a good example in "She"? Is he telling an allegory such as Mr. Pinero did in "The Magic Stone"? Is he consciously and somberly ingenious, like Mr. Wells? His main idea of the introduction of Orientalism in the very advanced Western civilisation of modern London is very clever. He takes up the tale in the person of a young journalist, who comes across the Enchanted Stone at a critical moment of its curious career, and who induces an Australian millionaire lady to build a gorgeous Temple of the Sun in Cornwall. The adventure-prompting quality of the gem is infectious, and the story is carried on from point to point with great cleverness, floating in an atmosphere of irresponsible airiness, which removes it from shilling shockerism and makes it possible for everybody to read with enjoyment.

R. Neish's sketch expresses what many people have felt vaguely about their own families. The writer deals humorously, at times whimsically, with the household of the Liberal member for Marketshire, as viewed by Dot, a member of the family. Dot's point of view is always good-humoured. While based on affection, it is not blind to foibles; and therein lies the humour of the thing. Many readers who have laughed at some of the stories as they appeared in contemporary journals will be glad to get the series rounded off and fitted into their proper place.

It is difficult to conceive that d'Annunzio's work can ever become very popular in this country, although it has passed through a phase of notoriety in America. Characteristically Italian in its passionate way, it lacks those qualities of purpose and intention which make even the flimsiest English novels possible. Mr. Symonds frankly states d'Annunzio's point of view, which emphasises the reality and the beauty of sensation, of the primary sensations. "He accepts, as no one else of our time does, the whole physical basis of life, the spirit which can be known only through the body." And Mr. Symonds is also keenly aware, in his admirably written preface, that d'Annunzio is far removed from us in lacking those "unconscious reticences in feeling" which we have thought it needful to invest in our relations with nature. The present novel, which was written in 1889, when d'Annunzio was just five and twenty, is an excellent example of the Italian's method. Its hero, Andrea Sperelli, is a young Roman nobleman who, in the course of the book, passes through extraordinary phases of fascination for two women. There is a curious air of unreality about it all, creating a disinclination on the reader's part to take Sperelli seriously; and for that reason the story is a trifle dull. Mr. Symonds's versions of the poems are so well done as scarcely to bear the trace of translation.

The Laureate's new volume makes exactly the same kind of appeal as did "The Garden that I Love." It also introduces the same characters; the modest, cultivated gardener, his disagreeable sister Veronica, the pet poet who quotes Virgil at the domestic hearth, and warbles his own, that is, Mr. Austin's verses, and Laminia, the grown-up child, whose skittishness, self-conscious irresponsibility and mischievous archness are doted on and smiled at with really a pathetic indulgence. The party go to Italy for the winter, and as they are all appreciative of the beauties of the South, we get a good deal of pretty description of Florence and the neighbourhood. They talk much, in a "Friends in Council" fashion; and their conversation is invariably respectable, cultivated, and trite. It makes us feel we are in unexceptionable society, and desire to be out of it, to stretch ourselves, to yawn deep, laugh aloud, or do a bit of hard thinking. So much for the prose. The thickly interspersed verse is pleasant and graceful. Mr. Austin sings better than he talks. The illustrations are, we believe, literal reproductions from photographs of architecture and scenery. Their subjects will interest all lovers of Italy.

All the poets have been laid under contribution for birthday-books, and Browning does as well as most for the purpose. The persevering compiler has culled his brief extracts with a good deal of judgment and taste. A pretty design of bells and pomegranates encloses every page, and by way of frontispiece there is a reproduction of Mr. Barrett Browning's portrait of his father.

To the story of Billy and Hans Mr. Stillman now adds some account of their successors. An unusual tenderness for wild creatures breathes through it. As a rule, squirrels are found to be irreconcilable; but Mr. Stillman's patience and sympathy have won the confidence of several, and here is the tale of his success, with sundry reflections on creatures of the wood in domestic life. It is exquisite as narrative and as sentiment; and the author must not wonder if what he has accomplished in the austere

fields of history be forgotten by some who remember him as the biographer of Billy and Hans.

The author of "The Romans on the Riviera" has for the last twelve years employed his winter sojourn on the north-western shores of the Mediterranean in the interesting task of following up the tracks of the Romans on the French and Italian Riviera. He has embodied his researches in an interesting book which ably focusses previous knowledge, and throws fresh light on many points. The work has become in effect a sketch of the conquest of Liguria and the Roman Province; and the author has endeavoured as far as possible to bridge the gap between the narratives of Livy and Caesar. His complete familiarity with the ground has guided Mr. Hall to many valuable identifications and deductions, such as his point about the extent of Liguria. There are some excellent comparative maps; but it is a pity the illustrations generally merit a more moderate commendation.

Mr. Hare is doing for the English counties what he has done so well for France and Italy. It is to be hoped his "Sussex" and "Shropshire" will have many successors. The latter of these is a lucky subject for a writer interested in antiquities. Shropshire has probably the best domestic architecture remaining in England, and in describing its old manors he is at his best, for family histories, one knows from his own autobiography, are a delight to him. The county has numerous and vivid historical traces and memories. It contains the remains of the great Roman-British town of Uriconium. Its situation on the borders of Wales made it a constant battle-ground. Ludlow was a favourite royal residence; and the romantic associations of White-ladies and Roscobel are well known. Mr. Hare has learned most of what books, old and new, have said of Shropshire; but he does not seem to know that the county has been celebrated in one of the most charming books of verse of recent years, and that Clun and Wyre and Knighton, the Wrekin, Bredon, and Uricon have found their poet. Tourists that take this excellent guide in their knapsacks should take Mr. Housman's "Shropshire Lad" in their pockets. Mr. Hare's references to folk-lore and dialect are interesting, but he names words and customs as belonging to this county which are widely spread throughout England.

Messrs. Pickering and Chatto's shop in the Haymarket, under the sign of the anchor that is familiar to all book-lovers, has issued a catalogue of its treasures, running into 364 pages and representing 3752 books. It is so valuable that a charge of six shillings is made for it, and all bibliographers will make a point of keeping it, for it is an admirable *vaude mecum* to many subjects quaint and curious.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Canon Rawnley has, I understand, refused the Bishopric of Madagascar. "The pity of it!" Another of his sonnets appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* for Dec. 19!

Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose contributions to the front page of the *Sun* newspaper have excited very considerable attention in literary circles, retires from his association with that journal at the end of the year. Mr. Ryan has been writing no less than five columns of matter a day for the *Sun* for some time past. Much of the material has given indications of an interesting individuality, and of the possession of considerable humour and insight. Mr. Ryan, I observe, has now a very good footing in at least two prominent weekly papers, and I read everything over his signature.

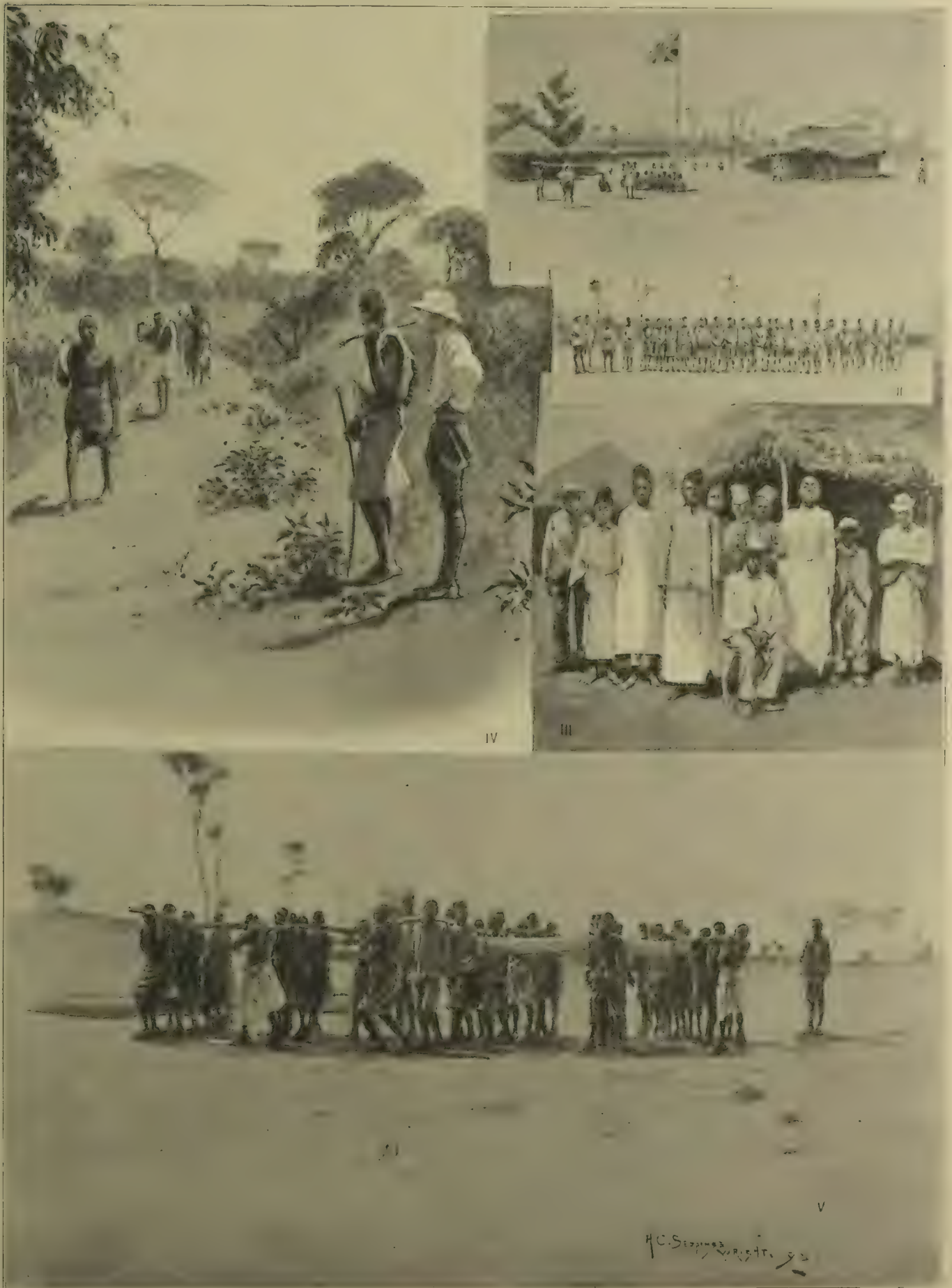
Mrs. Atherton, whose "Daughter of the Vine" is to be published by Messrs. Service and Paton, has returned to America to obtain local colour for her next novel, "Montgomery."

Miss Elizabeth Robins, the Ibsen actress, contributes a column article to the *Daily Chronicle* to express her regret that she has not been able to preserve untroubled her pseudonym of "C. E. Raimond." People who have discovered that she has acted in "The Master Builder" refuse now, she deplores, to criticise her books without reference to the influence of Ibsen. I do not know why they should do so. Ibsen has scarcely written a line that is not entirely convincing, and that does not show consummate power. "C. E. Raimond" has merely written one of the books that are discussed for a season over dinner-tables and then forgotten. She is fortunate, however, in the possession of so enthusiastic a publisher as Mr. Heinemann, and of so generous a friend as the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. There was not, by the way, the slightest need for the disclosure of "C. E. Raimond's" identity. If this lady had not told three or four of her women-friends, and if her publisher had not told at least half-a-dozen others, the thing could have been kept a secret. There are several pseudonyms that have never been discovered; there are others, like that of George Eliot, which were discovered only when other people began to claim Miss Evans's work as their own.

An interesting discussion will be found in the January number of the *Bookman* on the question, "Has the Journalist of Forty a Future?" The affirmative and negative of this proposition are taken with considerable vigour by two well-known London journalists, who, however, remain anonymous.

Mr. John Foster Fraser's "Round the World on a Bicycle" will now be published in January by Messrs. Methuen, at the price of six shillings. The original idea of a sixpenny edition has been abandoned owing to the impossibility of producing the book for Christmas.

It is gratifying to hear, on the authority of Mr. Walter Severn, that there is no probability or likelihood of the graves of his father—the loyal friend of Keats—and the poet being disturbed by the municipality of Rome. This kind of rumour is always started, I suppose, by people who hate the authorities at present ruling over the Eternal City.
C. K. S.



1. Standing Camp, Effe, British Central Africa. 2. Atonga Escort. 3. Camp Followers. 4. Caravan on Stetensen Road. 5. Bringing in Logs for Boundary Posts.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILISATION IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA: SCENES BETWEEN LAKES NYASSA AND TANGANYIKA.



At Christmas, the time of the feast and the fest,
When the Yule Log is bright, and the friends are all met,
When the maddest of measures the light foot is set,
"There is *one* dance," says Mildred, "that I adore most—
'Tis the Washington Post."

THE WASHINGTON POST.

Drawn by Hal Hurst.

"In some old Tudor Hall, with its old Tudor Ghost,
Where the mistletoe hangs quite conveniently low,
It is rapture to yield to the music and go
Down the gay gallopade of the Washington Post
With—a bachelor host!"



"The Post runs," cries Postmaster Cousin Frederick,
 Scanning his list, oracular recorder,
 "Between Khartoum and"—will he never utter it!—
 "Dawson City." Then straightway, at the order,
 The Post runs!

AMERICAN POST.

While I, blindfolded, like a second Samson
 Sport of a Philistine younger generation,
 Follow the "frou-frou," clutching only nothingness:
 Yet secure of victory when I do make proclamation—
 "General Post!"



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET: A CHRISTMAS SKETCH IN A WEST LONDON THOROUGHFARE.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

As Christmas approaches, the crowd of hawkers on the kerbstone of our greater thoroughfares becomes truly formidable, and pedestrians have veritably to run the gauntlet of these raucous but enterprising merchants.



THE PHANTOM DEER.

From a Painting by E. W. Hayes.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PHANTOM DEER.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

"Do you hunt alone to-day, oh! Red Richard,
Pray you tell me do you hunt all your lone?"
"Aye, I am for the chase, little cousin,
And wish no other spearing save my own."

"And whither are you going, oh! Red Richard?
That I may from the terrace watch your way."
"All deep within the magic woods of Toonagh,
It is there that my hunting is to-day."

He vaulted to the saddle of his palfrey,
And laid across his arm the bridle-rein;
And he drew her to his knee, all fair and rosy,
Laughed—"A kiss, child, to bring me home again."

Then he rode on all so gay, so forgetting,
His light kiss as a flame upon her cheek;
But she went back alone into her chamber—
There to weep like her tender heart should break.

"O my love! though you love me not, Red Richard,
As you ride with your heart all whole and gay"—
She drew from her breast a magic potion—
Saying, "Sweet will your hunting be to-day."

"Three drops for you I drink, oh! Cousin Richard,
Three drops that you may have your heart's desire.
As a white deer I shall spring the paths before you,
Right merry shall you follow till you tire."

Now came upon the pathway of Red Richard,
As he rode through the arbours of the wood,
A white doe, so beautiful and trembling;
That all disarmed and wondering he stood.

"Very sweet you are and fair," said Red Richard,
"Pretty doe, like a woman soft and white;
I could swear they were the dark eyes of my cousin
That gaze with the sad mystery of night."

Then he laughed, and the deer, all quickly turning,
Sprang before him through the glades deep and green;
Hot, he followed with his spear ever ready—
Oh, such hunting as this was never seen!

He followed her so fast by stream and valley,
He followed her so close through bog and briar;
Thrice she lured him round the woods by his castle,
But vanished ere he had his red desire.

And he rode home so slow and heavy-hearted,
And from his weary steed he flung him down;
There he saw on the terrace watching for him
A little maid all clad in snowy gown.

And he cried, "Come you hither, little cousin,
I swear that it was one as fair as you,
Clad in white, with her eyes as dark and splendid,
Who has fooled so me the glowing morning through."

"I promise to you, pretty," laughed Red Richard,
"To-morrow I shall bring her to your feet";
Then she said smiling low the little cousin,
"Oh, to-morrow may your hunting be as sweet!"

When the dawn was pale and young came Red Richard
Through his castle gate in to the magic wood;
And there upon his path, so fair and trembling,
The slender doe all palpitating stood.

And he chased her then by rock and by river,
He chased her long by meadow and by hill;
Thrice she took him through the gardens of his castle,
But she vanished ere his spear had had its will.

And so home, foiled and furious, rode Red Richard;
He flung himself all weary in his chair,
And beside him came the white little maiden,
Saying, "Cousin, was your hunting very fair?"

Then he laughed. "But to-morrow I shall win her,
Though she go where no foot has ever been.
To your feet will I bring her, pretty cousin;
Oh, such hunting as mine was never seen!"

Up at dawn, glad and eager, rose Red Richard;
The quickest steed in all the land had he,
And he rode to the magic woods of Toonagh—
There the white doe was grazing peacefully.

And then up on the tender moss behind her,
So softly and so swiftly did he ride,
That she bounded but a pace from her resting
Ere his hot spear was red within her side.

And he tracked her through the mist and through shadow
He followed the wet crimson on his way;
And he vowed he would have her dead or living,
Or follow her until the Judgment Day.

All red was the pathway to his castle,
And all eager and all fierce was his quest,
Till he came upon the corpse of his cousin—
Found his sharp spear was buried in her breast.

So it is that the magic woods of Toonagh
Are haunted by the spirit of a deer;
She wanders by the castle of Red Richard—
Within her side the wounding of a spear.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A clever journalist once described the marriage ceremony as "a morning performance for the benefit of the Church." It has been left to an American divine to take the epigram *au grand sérieux* by instituting rehearsals for such performances. According to the *New York Herald*, Professor Cumnock, of the North Western University, is instructing his students in the art of officiating at marriages. Each Friday the chords of the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin" float from the chapel organ, the melodious voice of a divinity student chants the marriage service, and the mock marriage ceremony is solemnised with attention to the minutest details. Drill in every class of marriage is given. There are to be marriages in high life, with six bridesmaids and as many groomsmen as can be crowded at the chancel rail. There will be conducted the quiet wedding, with only a few friends of the family present. All of the services—both brief and prolix—are to be used. The embryonic divine will be shown just where to stand and how. He will be instructed in regard to the best usages of etiquette, the manner of receiving his fee, and how to kiss the bride. He will also learn how to compose his countenance and restrain his lacerated feelings when there is no fee forthcoming.

Thus far one of the foremost journals of the United States, the doings of which country are, in virtue of the geographical limits assigned to me in these columns, beyond my sphere of comment. Nor should I have ventured to transgress these limits but for some coincidences in the way of "rehearsals" which happened last week nearer home. A few words, however, before I leave Professor Cumnock and his school for "splicing." In the first place, I would advise him to select some other "bridal chorus" than that of Wagner's famous opera. Professor Cumnock is, no doubt, an exemplary minister and admirable theologian; but he may not be aware that the "Knight of the Swan" deserts his spouse the moment the nuptial knot has been tied, and never returns. It is as well to be on the happy side where omens are concerned. He had better keep to the hackneyed "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn.

In the second place, there is the selection of the bride's "understudy," whom the divinity student has to kiss. Here is the latest psychological diagnosis of the real import of a kiss, according to "Cyrano de Bergerac" and his prompter, M. Edmond Rostand—

Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est ce?
Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer;
C'est un serret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
Une communion ayant un goût de fleur,
Un façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres, l'âme!

Professor Cumnock ought to have these lines translated and distributed among his divinity students. If he does not, there will be trouble some day with them and the bride's understudy—unless he selects a young or old woman "whom to kiss will be a duty and not a pleasure," as the recalcitrant husband of a very plain wife graphically put it.

While Professor Cumnock is conducting his rehearsals on the other side of the Atlantic, a series of lectures are being given across the Channel on what, for lack of a more appropriate term, I must call the prologue to the marriage service. The movement is, as yet, confined to the stage of the second Théâtre Français, where several professors are holding forth on the art of making love, they being assisted by actors and actresses who, after the lecturers' introductory and academical remarks, proceed to demonstrate ocularily the most elegant manner of "popping the question." As far as my experience enables me to judge, the tuition appears wholly unnecessary. In ordinary French life there is little or no spontaneous love-making, or what under the circumstances might pass as such. The parents or guardians on both sides having decided that the union is a desirable one, the young people are informed to that effect, and the romantic part of the business consists of the fiancé sending a bouquet every morning to his future wife. The betrothed couple are rarely if ever left alone. When the father of the present Duc de Broglie was engaged to the daughter of Madame de Staël he was thus left alone with his fiancée. There was, however, a glass door in the room, and the young fellow having apparently become very eloquent, the elders rushed in to know what was the matter. He was merely explaining to the young girl some incident that had happened in the new Parliament of the restored Louis XVIII. The invaders thought, however, that he was "making love" to his future spouse, and considered it their duty to prevent so unusual an exhibition of feeling.

Yet a third kind of rehearsal. A man named Penisson, inhabiting a town between Paris and Dijon, and who probably had never attained perfection as a lover or as a bridegroom, rehearsed his own burial last week. He was seen to roll a wheelbarrow containing a coffin towards an open grave. The vestry clerk, in answer to his inquiries, was told by Penisson that he, being tired of existence, intended to bury himself alive near his father. While the clerk ran for the Mayor, Penisson executed his design, and the magistrate and the clerk had much trouble in opening the bier, which had already been lowered, and in which Penisson was comfortably ensconced. The receptacle was lined with wool; in it were a dictionary, a prayer-book, a record of Penisson's military service, a certificate of good conduct, and Penisson's savings-bank account. The latter document reminds me of the Hebrew gentleman who left instructions to his heir to bury him with a thousand pounds by his side. The heir interpreted the clause in his own fashion, and wrote a cheque for the amount. That Penisson did not seriously mean to inter himself was proved by his running away. He was merely rehearsing.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One may well rejoice to note that the national movement for the prevention of consumption proceeds apace. I have been reading the reports of meetings held in various places of late days, and judging from these proceedings we may hope that the movement will be recognised as not only a beneficent one, in the highest sense of that term, but one which, in order to fulfil the highest aspirations of those responsible for its success, should be made universal in its scope. The establishment of sanatoria in various selected situations throughout the land, where consumptives can be properly treated, and subjected to the influence of pure air and other remedial measures, is a feature of the movement which should receive the special support of the public. The average patient in even middle-class life possesses hardly any chance of escape from the fatal effects of the ailment, unless his means admit of his passing the winter in a suitable climate and of his health being supervised all through the course of treatment. The open-air mode of treating consumption can be carried out at a sanatorium, placed in a suitable district, when it can by no possibility be effected in an ordinary house. Whatever help any of my readers can afford to give to this movement, therefore, let me earnestly beseech them to bestow upon it. It is a work of the deepest philanthropy, and it becomes all the more imperative, seeing that it is destined to help those poor, suffering units of humanity who are least able to help themselves.

Belfast has been suffering from a severe epidemic of typhoid fever, and Dr. Lorrain Smith has been teaching the city fathers and people that very old lesson that typhoid is a water-carried disease, and that wherever there is contamination of the supply, an epidemic of this disease is certain to be evolved. If I mistake not, Belfast has yet a vast deal to do in the way of sanitary improvement by getting rid of many noisome slums. Illustrations of some of these slum-dwellings were given some time ago in the pages of a medical journal, and that not only typhoid fever, but other ailments, are liable to occur where dirt, squalor, and overcrowding exist, is, of course, a truism of sanitary science and of common-sense alike. Dr. Lorrain Smith found evidence of the presence in the water of Belfast of a certain germ, the bacillus coli communis, which is a natural denizen of the human intestine. When this germ occurs in water, it is certain the water has become contaminated with sewage; and if this primary fact be established, the risks of further and typhoid contamination are, of course, obvious. Some authorities, indeed, regard the bacillus just named as much more nearly related to the causation of typhoid fever than the above statement of its nature would imply.

There is another sanitary warning which cities at large deserve to remember, and what is more to the point, to act upon. There is a very general agreement among sanitarians that, where a subsoil has become infiltrated with sewage through bad drainage, and where, therefore, people are living above filth foundations, we get a condition of matters amply favouring the development of typhoid fever. The people sow the wind in the shape of carelessness about drainage of the soil, and they reap the whirlwind in the form of epidemics that not only cost money and involve pain, but carry with them imminent risk of death. Dublin has been taught this lesson; for, while the water-supply is excellent, the occurrence of typhoid still remains a sanitary blot on the city. I believe Sir Charles Cameron, M.D., the medical officer of health, is emphatic in his opinion that it is the Dublin subsoil, infiltrated with sewage, that forms a perennial source of infection. Munich is always quoted, on the other hand, by sanitarians as an example of a city which, once very subject to typhoid attack, is now practically free from the disease. This result accrued when the drainage of the soil was duly attended to, and when the sources of infection below ground were removed. When shall we all learn the great lesson of health-science, that health simply means and implies cleanliness all round? It is distressing to find people given to pay great attention to improvements abroad, and to spend large sums of money for the promotion of objects that concern other nations and peoples, while our home interests are allowed to escape even notice. Sanitation, like charity, is a matter which begins at home. But the teachings of hygiene, I suspect, for a long while to come, will resemble the voice that cries in the wilderness, with few or none to listen or to obey.

Some time ago I noted in this column the curious fact that parrots were liable to convey a form of pneumonia, or lung inflammation of infective type, to human beings. I mentioned the case of Genoa, in which city an epidemic was traced to infection proceeding from these birds. Recently there has been another outbreak of the disease in Italy, the disease being preceded by the illness and death of parrots kept in the house where the patients resided. With the common fowl subject to tuberculosis, and the parrot to this other infective ailment, the bird-creation would seem to be deserving of somewhat closer attention in relation to hygiene than is usually bestowed upon it. I observe that the parrots involved in the propagation of this epidemic are described as hailing from South America. It would be interesting to learn if that old friend and admirable conversationalist, the grey parrot of Africa, is also liable to be affected with this disorder.

Verily, strange and various are the ways and works of the ubiquitous microbe. There are species that live in air, earth, and water; others dwell in our bodies and in those of lower animals; they infest our food, and they cover our clothes and our dwellings. Happily, most of them are harmless, many are nature's scavengers, and some, of course, produce disease. But the last addition to this list of habits on the part of the microbe family is an affection for rum. This fluid is of great alcoholic strength, and while certain germs can live in wine, nobody supposed they could survive the intoxicating effects of strong liquor. Yet a certain microbe not only lives in the rum, but spoils it, and for this little mercy the teetotaler may at least be devoutly thankful.



A WARM CORNER AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Drawn by Henry Stannard, R.D.A.



Off! with a trample of hoofs in the snow,
 Or from the yard of the "Bell,"
 Out into Holborn gaily they go
 Waving a cheery farewell!

OLD COACHING DAY
 Drawn by Fred W. Eaton.

Then heigh ho! for the Great North Road!
 Good-bye to the lights o' London town!
 It's long ere they reach the snug abode
 Where the coach at length will set them down



Santa Claus was guilty gliding
In his sleigh,
When the reindeer he was guiding
Ran away.

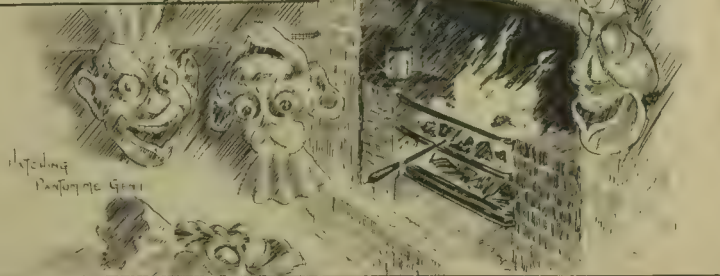
THE PIXIES ROBBING SANTA CLAUS.
Drawn by A. Forestier.

Santa Claus was bruised and battered
All his lovely toys were scattered,
While the pixies round him pattered,
Robbing all the rich display.

MAKING A HORSE
FOR MR HERBERT CAMPBELL TO RIDE
"WILL IT BE STRONG ENOUGH?"



THE SAD FATE OF CASSIN
THIS WRECKFULLY FORESHADOWED



"ONE FOR HIS HUSB"



QUITE READY FOR
THE ZOO SCENE



TOUCHING UP THE
BRITISH LION
"DON'T HAN, DON'T PEELE!"



UP BEFORE
THE BEAK!!



IN THE
SCENERY
ROOM



LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Fur capes, so easy to slip on and off, are holding their own against the attempted revival of jackets. The fashion of mixing two or even three furs in one garment is popular. A cape I have seen made of sable edged round with a flounce of sealskin, and having a tall storm-collar lined with ermine. Another handsome cape, constructed of broadtail, is decorated with a tall chinchilla collar, the pale grey fur being both within and without the collar, so that it turns up against the face, and a narrow band of sealskin runs all round as a dividing line between the other two furs. Lace frills with diamond buckles are frequently placed at the neck of the fur capes, and the linings are of the lightest and most perishable description. When fur coats are chosen they are usually preferred to fit quite close to the figure; the saque back in fur, though convenient to wear without crushing the dress, being too thick to be elegant on any but the most slender figures. The liking for close-fitting fur coats assists the fashion of trimming both day and evening dresses with straps of costly fur, as these are cut away in the course of shaping an outdoor garment, and are utilised for the trimmings of gowns at a comparatively moderate price.

Among the new whims is that of trimming fur toques. A pretty little sealskin hat of a round shape has, peeping

the full length of the skirt in front, and just drawn up sufficiently at the sides to show the flowers peeping out under it, the folds being fastened up by an imitation diamond or other brooch.

This very costly fashion of hand-painting is naturally bringing brocaded silks to the fore again after a considerable period of neglect. A silk brocaded with garlands of flowers will at first sight have almost the same effect as a beautiful hand-painted one of far greater cost. One handsome dress in white satin has an apron of white satin brocaded with roses cut into a narrow band against the waist, and gradually widening out to the feet. The overdress is of lace in a polonaise shape, cut away at the waist, so as to slope round to the back, in the form so much in vogue; the lace is lined throughout with white chiffon, this also making a full flounce all round the edge of the lace, the brocade showing between.

A very narrow band of jewelled trimming marks the point of junction of lace and chiffon. The bodice is, of course, nearly all of the lace, which opens slightly over a pleated front of chiffon, and this is caught over with three straps of black velvet, having a small diamond button fixing them at either side. This is the smartest evening model I have seen lately.

Lace makes many less showy gowns equally costly. A model combining brilliance with the softness of cobwebby lace was in geranium-red silk and chiffon, the fragile material flouncing the front and mingling with the silk in the draperies of the back, an embroidery of silver forming a pointed decoration on the skirt above the flounce; the bodice was white Brussels point over red silk, caught in place by ruches of red chiffon, and the sleeves were fine straps of narrow red velvet showing the arm between them, their sphere extending from number one, as a strap on the shoulder, to number five, round the elbow, it there supporting a full deep frill of chiffon. Picador shows us an evening dress of white satin, embroidered with silver sequins and colours, a flounce of lace over chiffon; chiffon at the neck. The blouse is of lace, trimmed with velvet and chiffon.

NOTES.

Miss Agnes Weston, who is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her work for sailors at Ports-mouth and Devonport—her "silver wedding with the Navy," as she calls it—has had the honour of being personally received by the Queen.

Miss Weston began her efforts for our sailors by issuing a monthly letter, which she posted to seamen who wished to receive it in ships on foreign stations, the men being encouraged to reply to her. Just a quarter of a century ago, some friends of the sailors determined to supply them with a "Rest" at Portsmouth, and Miss Weston's already-gained influence in the ranks of the Navy suggested her being applied to to undertake the management. She consented, and by her business tact and untiring energy has developed the modest "public-house without the drink" into a great national work. No less than £200,000 has been expended on the now magnificent buildings, the Queen and others of the royal family having been among the contributors. In the course of the 365 nights of last year, the "Sailors' Rests" sheltered no fewer than 178,527 men, who paid £15,965 of their own money for lodging, food, and non-alcoholic drinks, figures which speak for themselves. Miss Weston does not refuse "Jack" if he comes for a bed late at night "half-seas over," but puts

him in safety and comfort in a "cabin," and invites him next morning to attend some temperance lecture.

Bookbinding of the sumptuous and artistic order is being taken up as a handicraft by educated women. There is now open at 61, Charing Cross Road, an exhibition by "The Guild of Women Binders," in which much beautiful



AN EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SATIN.

out from behind its turned-up brim, a twist of turquoise-blue velvet, and is finished with an upstanding cluster of Parma violets at the left side. A chinchilla toque has a twist of magenta-red satin, and is finished with a nondescript flower of a grey colour with a little red in its heart, the shape being something like that of a poppy.

Hand painted silks and satins for evening-dress wear have suddenly become so much the rage in Paris that the modistes find difficulty in discovering people able to paint the materials in sufficient quantity. The flowers are generally painted large. There will be, for instance, roses about twice the natural size of the largest of blossoms. One huge rose will be painted in three places at the bottom of the skirt, with a trail of flowers gradually decreasing in size and a few leaves, rising up to end about midway between the knee and the waist, toning off to a few sprays and buds at the uppermost points. Or honeysuckle will be used, beginning in like manner with preternaturally large clusters, and mixed with sweet pea, which latter presently meanders alone towards the top of the skirt. A naturally careless arrangement is aimed at, and further to soften the effect a delicate muslin or crêpe-de-chino is generally employed as a tunic, falling nearly to the ground at the back, and draped in front into a peplum point so as to come between the two painted garlands as an apron. When only a border round the edge or a short trail of flowers is painted, the very fine muslin overdress is made



A LACE BLOUSE, TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

work is to be seen. Bindings are executed in cut morocco, crushed calf-skin, and the like, including some rare substances, such as "Niger morocco," a leather prepared and dyed an uncommon red by some African native process.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

Messrs. Cadbury's cocoa and eating chocolate is such a household word that it is really hardly worth while to refer to it; the boxes that are put forth specially for gifts may, however, be mentioned as peculiarly charming in their tastefulness. There are some specially attractive ones of the purest white sheen without, which may be taken as typical of the exceptional purity of the manufacture, and tied up with ribbon in the prettiest manner, to indicate, as



PRESENTATION TO GENERAL GATACRE.

The casket pictured is to be presented to Sir W. Gatacre by the town of Shrewsbury. It consists of an oblong box with ornamental corners and supports, and is designed in Renaissance style, having a variety of rich mouldings and a central decoration upon an arched pediment. It is also supported at the ends by two massive Egyptian columns which are attached to the design. The corners of the box are composed by a series of circles of the leaf design, and having a central decoration on each face. The box is lined with the upper corner to be silver, and beneath is an ornamental shell of gold, the latter being engraved with the names of the famous campaigns and battles in which Sir William Gatacre has been importantly engaged. The casket stands upon an oak and velvet-covered base, and was designed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Dickens.

For Health and Longevity, USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

'THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF THIS LIFE'—GOOD FOOD. How to assimilate or enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause BILIOUS HEADACHE, DISORDERED STOMACH, &c., &c., use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of preserving and restoring health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood by NATURAL MEANS, thus preventing and throwing off fevers, boils, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in KEEPING the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE is IMMENSELY INCREASED.

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, & FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, & an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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Write your own Address in full quite plainly.

Published by ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

WAR!

O world! O men!

What are ye, and our best designs,

That we must work by crime to punish crime,

And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he never overlooks a mistake It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Hurley.

DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

THE COST OF WAR.—GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE!!! SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN. THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. Man has his



THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

Three little maids went out one day,
Out in the rain—the dence to pay—
Caught bad colds, as I've heard say,
Three little maids had coughs.

Playing and dancing all are done,
No more parties, no more fun;
Life is a choke that's just begun,
Three little maids with coughs.

One little maid in a fit of sneezing,
Nose all red, the reverse of pleasing,
Given to any amount of wheezing,
Three little maids with coughs.

One little maid had a cold in her head,
What can be "horridler"? more
ill-bred;
Two little maids retired to their bed,
Three little maids with coughs.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES cured all
three,
Made them as well as well could be,
Sure to cure you, and safe to cure me,
Whenever we got bad coughs.

If you cough
take

Géraudel's Pastilles

it were, that good taste goes hand in hand with cleanliness and purity in the contents. It is worth knowing that Messrs. Cadbury's arrangements at their works are such as to ensure the most important point of all, the healthy surroundings and conditions of the workers. They have erected a perfect village of their own round their works, a model of sanitation. As to the delicious goods themselves, suffice it to say that every flavour and variety of eating chocolate—from the vanilla-flavoured cakes, through nougat, creams, ginger, pralines, and all other sorts that one can think of—are to be found in the boxes; while "Cadbury's chocolate biscuits" are a dessert novelty, both pretty to look at and good to consume.

Messrs. John Carter, at New Cavendish Street, have a show of furniture so ingeniously and perfectly devised for comfort that anybody, whether well or invalided, would be



Lounge Chair.—John Carter.

glad to have some article from it for a gift. A royal present (in a double sense: it is fit for a prince, and has actually been ordered by royalty) is the lounge chair illustrated. A touch on the wheel at the side by the occupant himself alters instantly the angle of the back and seat, which can be changed to any position, from absolutely lying down flat to sitting bolt upright. Then there is "Carter's reading-stand," which supports the book just where you would have it; above you as you recline, or at any intermediate point. This, too, has been patronised by nearly every member of both our own and foreign royal families. All that is commonly known as invalid furniture, every device that can lighten sickness or promote ease, is to be viewed in Carter's show-rooms—bath-chairs, bed-tables and bed-rests, and other articles, of small or large price. **PILOMENA.**

One hundred thousand sovereigns have just been withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment to the Liebig Company's works in South America; and even this amount, large as it seems, will only purchase sufficient cattle to keep their factory busy for less than one month, so enormous is the output of their Extract, every jar of which, by the way, is signed J. v. Liebig, in blue, and is scientifically tested. At the outset the Extract was made in Europe; but the factory was soon transferred to the River Plate, where are some of the finest cattle in the world, reared under the most healthful conditions and in the most salubrious climate it is possible to imagine.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2837 received from H. H. A. (Hobart); of Nos. 2841 and 2845 from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2848 from R. Nugent (Southwold); Henry A. Donovan (Lewes), and Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2849 from C. M. A. B. R. Nugent (Southwold); Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), and Jacob Verrall (Ridwell); of No. 2850 from H. S. Brandroth (Montreux); H. Le Jeune, C. E. H. (Clifton); Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna); Edward J. Sharpe, Richard Murphy (Wexford), and A. E. J. C. Carpenter (Liverpool).

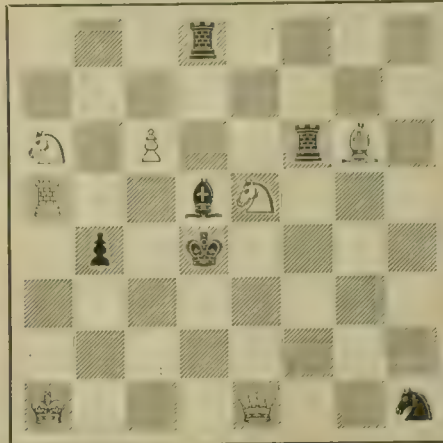
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2851 received from T. Roberts, Edith Corser (Reading), R. Watson (Purtonmouth), L. Desanges, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), C. E. H. (Clifton), Alpha, F. Norton (Hornsey), H. S. Brandroth (Montreux), R. Worters (Canterbury), G. Hawkins (Cambswell), Dr. F. N., Captain J. A. Chaille (Great Yarmouth), Sorrento, F. J. Candy (Norwood), J. Hooper (Putney), A. P. A. (Bath), George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F. J. S. (Hampstead), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. Dalby, and W. A. Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2849.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE.
1. B to Q 5th
2. R to Q R 4th
3. Q mates.
BLACK.
K takes B
Any move
If Black play 1. P takes P, then 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2853.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By S. LEVY.

White: K at K sq, Q at Q B 2nd, R at Q sq, P at Q B 3rd.
Black: K at Q R 8th, Kt at Q B 8th, P at Q R 6th and 7th and Q Kt 7th.
Mate in three moves.

No. 2.—By W. A. SHIRMAN.

White: K at K B 6th, R at K Kt 6th and Q Kt 5th, B at K 2nd and Q R 8th, P at Q 4th.
Black: K at Q B 8th, P at Q B 7th, K 6th, K B 7th, and Q Kt 2nd.
Mate in three moves.

No. 3.—By FRANK HEALEY.

White: K at Q R 6th, Q at K Kt 7th, R at K R 2nd, B at Q Kt 5th, P at Q Kt 4th and K B 5th.
Black: K at K 6th, P at K 5th, Q 6th, and K R 6th. Mate in three moves.

No. 4.—By P. F. BLAKE.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at K 7th, B at Q sq and K R 3rd, B at Q Kt 8th, Kt at K R 3rd, P at Q 2nd and K 4th.
Black: K at Q 5th, R at Q R 4th and 5th, P at Q 4th, K B 3rd, and Q R 7th. Mate in two moves.

No. 5.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

White: K at Q R 4th, Q at K Kt 5th, R at K 2nd, B at K 3rd, Kt at Q 4th.
Black: K at Q 6th, Kt at K sq, B at K 3rd, P at K 4th and 5th.
Mate in three moves.

No. 6.—By T. TAYLOR.

White: K at Q R 3rd, Q at K Kt 5th, R at Q B 3rd and Q 7th, B at Q R sq and K R sq, Kt at K Kt 5th, P at Q B 2nd and Q Kt 6th.
Black: K at Q 5th, B at Q 4th and K R 5th, B at K R sq, P at Q B 4th and K B 6th. Mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PLYMOUTH.

Game played in a simultaneous exhibition between Mesrs. LASKER and TAYLOR.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. R to K sq	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. White now has full command in spite of the piece sacrifice. Black's weakness lies in the fact that all his Queen's pieces are at home.	
3. Kt to K B 4th	P to K Kt 4th	18. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
4. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
5. Black could make a regular game of the Alliance by P to K R 3rd, but there was, no doubt, a fear of the consequent attack.		20. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
6. P to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	21. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	23. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
9. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	24. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
10. B takes B P		25. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
11. White might have taken the Knight, but the sacrifice of his own piece gives him a better chance. White's centre is now very strong indeed.		26. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
12. B to K 3rd	P to K B 4th	27. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
13. Q to Q 2nd	P takes Kt	28. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
14. B takes P	Q to K 3rd	29. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
15. Castles Q R	P to K R 3rd	30. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
16. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 6th	31. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th

The London International Chess Tournament for 1899 has now been put into definite shape, and the programme contemplates a prize fund of at least £1500. Two tournaments will be organized, one a two-round contest confined to sixteen or eighteen players to be invited by the committee, and the other a single-round competition open to players not taking part in the other. Subscribers of two guineas and upwards will be entitled to receive a book of the tournament, to be subsequently published, and those of five guineas to a transferable pass available for the whole meeting. Subscriptions may be sent to the hon. treasurer, British Chess Club, Whitehall Court, S.W. The last already amounts to £350.

On Friday, Dec. 9, Mr. Lasker paid a visit to the Falmouth Chess Club and gave an exhibition of simultaneous play. When time was called, after three hours of continuous play, Mr. Lasker had won twenty games, drawn two, and lost one to Mr. M. P. Harwood.

The London death-rate in the week before last was at the rate of 16.7 per thousand in the year, while the average for the thirty-three great towns of the United Kingdom was 17.8. In the wider Metropolitan district, including the suburbs, it was only 15.7. This is a low death-rate compared with previous corresponding dates.

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Each article is marked in plain figures, at a fixed moderate cash price, and the Company's large staff of assistants are instructed to show goods and answer any inquiries, but on no account to importune a visitor to purchase.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise Brooch, £1 6s. 6d.



Fine Pearl and Diamond and Gold Heart Brooch, £4 10s.



Fine Gold Lucky Bean, 6s. 6d.; Set with Turquoise, 9s. 6d.



Fine Diamond and Ruby Tortoise Safety Pin, £5.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

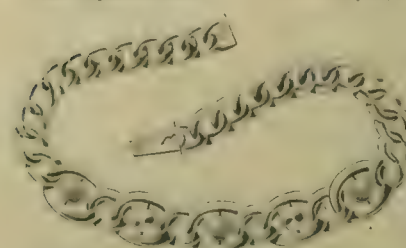
CATALOGUE AND NOVELTY LIST

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SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID.

£1 2nd Brooch Watch, Rose-cut Gold and Enamel, £1 10s. Watch, with enamel of Diamonds on Enamel, and Pearl Circle, £17 10s. Complete, £21.

Goods Forwarded on Approval.



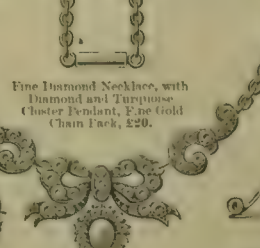
Fine Gold Chain Bracelet, set with Turquoise and Pearls, £5.



Chased Fine Gold Pig Charm, 17s.



Fine Diamond Necklace, with Diamond and Turquoise Cluster Pendant, Fine Gold Chain Fick, £20.

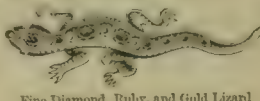


Fine Diamond Necklace, with Diamond and Turquoise Cluster Pendant, Fine Gold Chain Fick, £20.



Chased Fine Gold Elephant Charm, £1 15s.

Fine Pearl and Diamond, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond, Ruby, and Gold Lizard Brooch, £10.



Fine Pearl Crescent Brooch, £2 10s.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise Brooch, £1 11s. 6d.



Fine Gold, Pearl, and Turquoise Brooch, £1 11s. 6d.



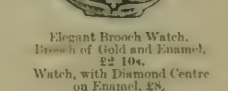
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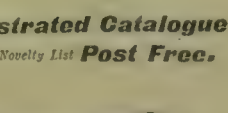
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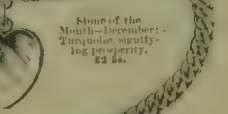
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 12, 1893) of Mr. Edward Westland Bernard, of The Hermitage, near St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Dec. 8 by the Rev. Edward Russell Bernard and Arthur Mountague Bernard, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £33,153. The testator bequeaths £2000, £500, all money at his bankers, certain money owing to him, and his household furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Christiana Bernard; £200 each to his executors; and £500 each to George Cooper Wallis and Maria de Guérin. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, during her life, and at her decease he gives all his interest in the freehold premises in Royal Mint Street to his nephew Arthur Mountague Bernard; £2000 to his wife's sisters, Maria and Anna Schlesinger; and the ultimate residue to be divided into three parts, one of which he leaves to the children of his deceased niece, Mary Caroline Stewart, one to the children of his brother Charles Bernard, and the remaining part to the children of his brother the Rev. Thomas Delany Bernard.

The will (dated May 28, 1893) of Mrs. Felicia Jane Mann, of Bowmere, Tarporley, Chester, was proved on November 29, at the Chester District Registry, by James Percival Cross and Frederick Houghton, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,039. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Holy Trinity Industrial Girls' School, Nile Street, Liverpool; £2000 to the Home for Nurses, Dover Street,

Liverpool; £1000 for such hospitals and charitable institutions as her executors may select; £1000 each for the endowment of St. Thomas's Church, Eaton, and Cotebrook Church; and £5100 to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish church at Tarporley, upon trust, as to £1000 to apply the income for the female occupants of the almshouses at Tarporley, as to £2000 to apply the interest thereon to augment the stipend of the vicar of Ulkington; and as to the remaining £2100, to pay £50 per annum to the minister or curate at Cotebrook Church, and one half of the remainder of the income thereof to the vicar of Tarporley parish church, and the other half among the poor of the said parish. She also bequeaths £1000 each to Maria Deane, Catharine Ann Deane, the Rev. Pownall Lafone, her niece Isabella Messiter, and Ethel Deane; £2000 to her niece Isabella Dagdale; £3000 each to Frederick Houghton and Richard Stott Deane; £2000, upon trust, for her cousins, Fanny and Felicia Houghton; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her niece Isabella Messiter.

The will (dated June 10, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 6, 1893), of Mrs. Margaret Susannah Hornby, of The Hawthorns, Nantwich, Chester, widow of William Henry Hornby, M.P. for Blackburn, who died on Sept. 27, was proved at the Chester District Registry, on Nov. 7, by William Henry Hornby, M.P., the son, and Edwin Reginald Jellyse, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,163. The testatrix appoints the lands, premises, and funds, comprised in the trusts of her marriage

settlement, to her son John, and also gives to him the Bible presented to her by the operatives of Blackburn. She further gives an annuity, not to exceed £32, to her maid, Sarah Rigby; an annuity of £26 to her housekeeper, Margaret Rawlinson; legacies to her executor and servants, and specific gifts to children. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter-in-law, Reine Douglas Hornby, the wife of her son John, for life or widowhood, and then to their children. Mrs. Hornby desired that her black horse should be destroyed as soon as possible after her death.

The will (dated June 9, 1894) of Sir Charles Frederick Smythe, Bart., of Acton Burnell, Salop, and of Wootton, Warwick, who died at Leamington on Nov. 14, was proved in London on Dec. 10 by the Hon. Dame Maria Smythe, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £24,661. The testator having in his lifetime given to his wife all his jewels, plate and furniture, leaves to her everything he shall die possessed of.

The will (dated July 1, 1897) of Mr. Richard Burn, J.P., D.L., of Orton Hall, Tebay, Westmorland, who died on Aug. 19, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Burn, the widow, John Rawlinson Cuthbert and William Gibson, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,566. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives £4000 to Louis Gilbert; £2000 to his shepherd, Samuel Harup; £1000 each to his nieces Alice Burn Cuthbert and Mary Sara Cuthbert, and

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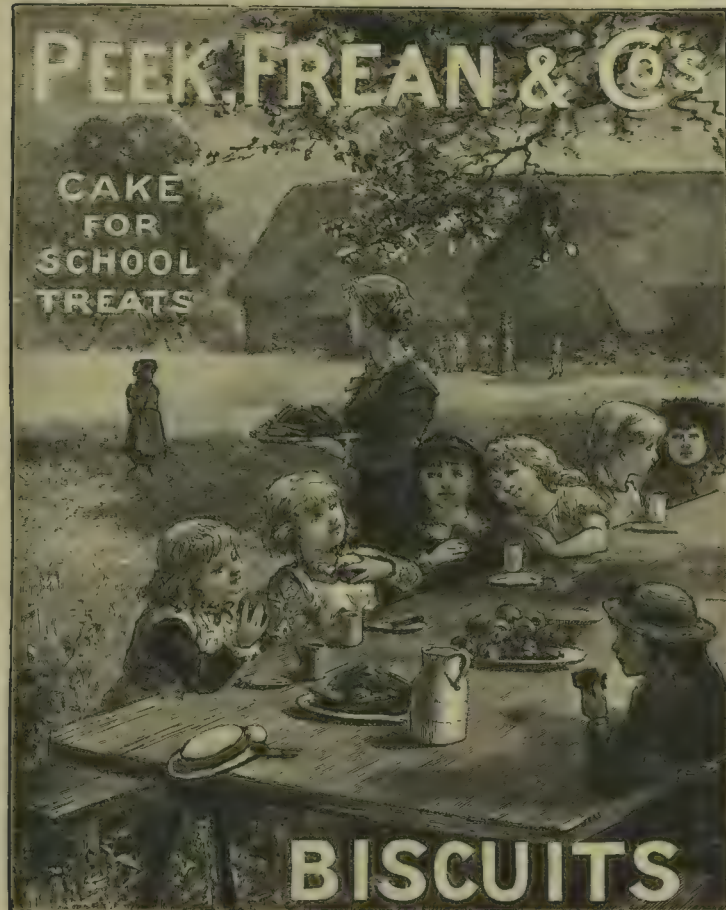
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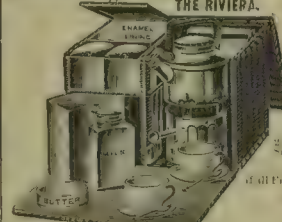
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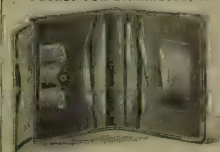
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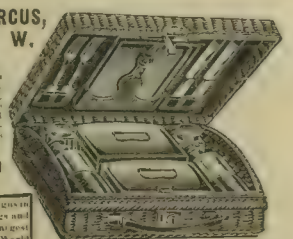
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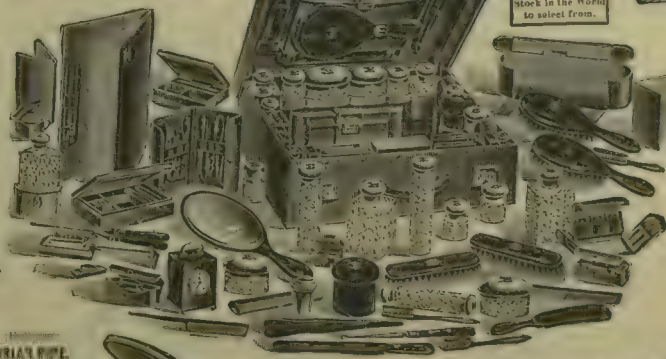
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his nephew Captain Gerald James Cuthbert; £2000, upon trust, for his nephew Richard Cuthbert; £500 each to John Rawlinson Cuthbert and William Gibson; a picture of Dr. Richard Burn, by Romney, to the Hon. William Lowther; £1000 to the Vicar of Orton, upon trust, to apply the income in the supply of coals to poor parishioners; £500 to the vicar and churchwardens of Orton, upon trust, to apply the income thereof for an entertainment or outing, or the purchase of books or prizes for the Sunday School; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to John Rawlinson Cuthbert and his niece Annie Green Wilkinson.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 2, 1898), of Mr. Joshua John Blades Blackburn, of Brockwell Hall, Herne Hill, who died on Nov. 23 at Ramsgate, was proved on Dec. 9 by Mrs. Ellen Louise Blackburn, the widow, and Henry Frederick Ward, the executors, the value of the estate being £17,910. The testator bequeaths £100 to Henry Frederick Ward, and leaves the residue of his property to his wife. Under the powers of an indenture of settlement (dated Dec. 18, 1888), whereby certain lands and premises, and £41,000 Two and Three-Quarter per Cent. stock, were settled, he appoints to his wife £500 per annum.

The will of Sir James Nicholas Douglass, F.R.S., of Stella, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, formerly engineer-in-chief to the Corporation of the Trinity House, who died on

June 19, was proved on Dec. 9 by Dame Mary Douglass, the widow, Thomas Williams, and James Armstrong, the executors, the value of the estate being £9464.

The will of Dame Louise Moncreiffe, of Shilton House, Leamington, daughter of the tenth Earl of Kinnoull, and widow of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Dec. 7 by William Moncreiffe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £3928.

The will of Mr. Joseph Arthur Guerin, of 11, Elm Grove, Taunton, who died on Aug. 17, has been proved by the Rev. George Davey Symonds, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £6278.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Manning Anderdon, of 24, St. George's Square, S.W., who died on Sept. 10, was proved on Dec. 6 by the Rev. Thomas Partridge Nunn, the nephew and executor, the value of the estate being £5001.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Amelia Jane Wood, of 13, Chesham Street, Belgrave Square, who died on Oct. 17, have been proved by Lieutenant-Colonel Amelius Richard Mark Lockwood, M.P., the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £1539.

The will of Miss Eliza Galsworthy, of 7, Montagu Street, Portman Square, who died on July 16, has been proved by Miss Maria Matilda Galsworthy, the sister, the residuary legatee, the value of the estate being £1123.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

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Although "Milord Sir Smith" marks an unwelcome return to the bad old sort of musical farce, plotless, inept, and not a little vulgar; although M. Jakobowski's score is given over to reminiscent waltz-refrains, and the play's second act is one unabashed series of music-hall "turns"; although, finally, its every ingredient has been served up scores of times already, and the whole entertainment is unable to boast one overpowering moment, still there is some fun, vivacity, and colour in the new Comedy programme. What need to trace the thin thread of the story or denominate particularly the various authors? All anyone can want to know about "Milord Sir Smith" is this: that irrepressible Arthur Roberts masquerades as an amorous young baronet who assumes the name of a famous tenor with awkward results, and that piquant Ada Reeve is once again a dishing *café-chantant* singer who this time objects to being thrown over for a younger rival by the perfidious milord. These two artists it is who lend the piece all its vitality. Miss Reeve, however, won the great success of the first night. Refined in her wildest semi-Parisian audacities, this dainty little comédienne can rob the most risqué chansonnette of half its suggestiveness by the mere force of personal charm, and her abundant spirits can secure an enthusiastic encore for that outworn fashion—the coon ditty. As for Mr. Roberts, his nervousness will soon wear

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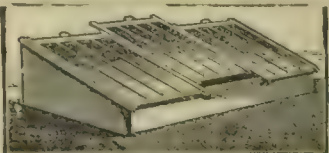


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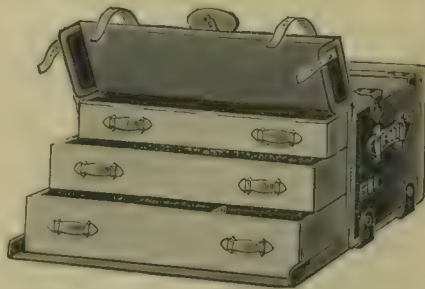
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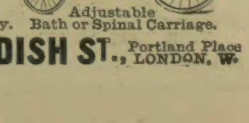
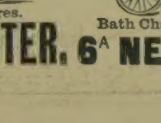
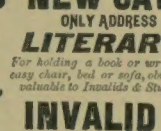
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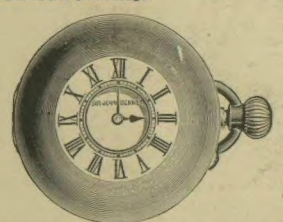
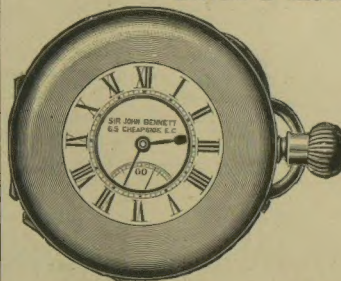


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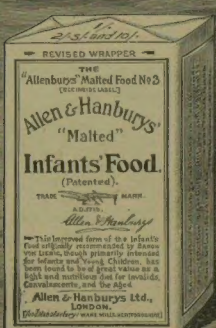
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Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured notes
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent—

figures largely in this delightful book in his settings both of Herrick and of other poets. Perhaps our favourite of

all, however, is a dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess, composed by Nicholas Lancre to anonymous words. The combination of pure declamation with pure beauty of melody is here wonderfully artistic in the best sense. Everybody who would know something of that which, as a musical nation, we once were, should possess himself of this volume. The music-printing, too, is a thing new, surely, in modern publications—clear, beautiful, and relieved of all the heaviness and thickness which make most modern music so disastrously uninteresting to look upon.

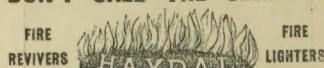
Meanwhile, as we are on this subject, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has just brought to a close his winter series of concerts of old music at his house, 7, Bayley Street. On the occasion of the last concert but one, the vocal portion was almost entirely English, and chosen from Mr. Dolmetsch's book. Played, as the songs are on these occasions, on the instru-

ments for which they were composed, they seemed full of the promise of everything that was brilliant and engrossing in life. It brought home to one the dismal strangeness of the fact that after a few years a change in public taste should sweep into oblivion all this true, sincere, and tender work, and overwhelm this country with attempts and exercises of an alien spirit. We have not recovered from that melancholy disease even yet; but we can still have some pride in the feats of English musicians when this country was rightly regarded as the most musical in Europe. The programme of the last concert included works of foreign musicians extending from 1689 to the first thirty years of the eighteenth century—of Handel, Corelli, J. S. Bach, Ariosti, and Benedetto Marcello. Mr. Dolmetsch deserves every possible encouragement in his difficult and single-hearted work for the sake of which he risked becoming an anachronism, and is not.



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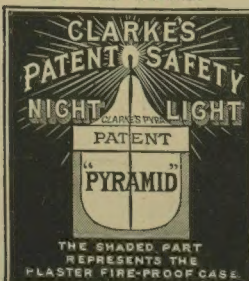
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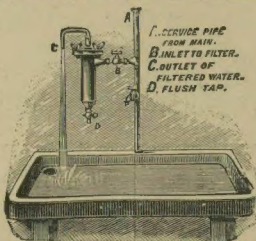
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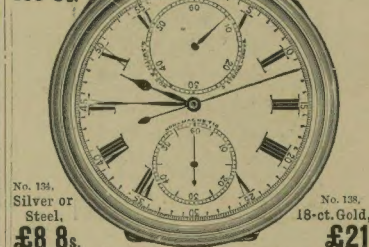
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